

# SNAPS

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## MULDOON THE SOLID MAN

BY TOM TEASER.



"Be heavens!" roared Muldoon, "bad cess to your sowl for a dog, I'll break yez back if yez don't get off av thim clothes." But the dog would not move.



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## MULDOON, THE SOLID MAN.

BY TOM TEASER.

### CHAPTER I.

Boys, to begin with, let me introduce you to Muldoon. Mr. Muldoon, these are my friends, the young men of America. Young men of America, Muldoon. Muldoon, young men. Shake!

Terence Muldoon was a bachelor, aged fifty, a regular Irishman, heart and body, who had amassed a fortune in the foundry business at Dublin. When he found himself comfortably off he sold out his business and determined to come to America. It was lucky that he did, for if he had not this story would have never been written.

As to Muldoon's character.

He was a "solid man" every time; although he was old, there was nothing stale or played-out about him, but he was "one of the boys" always.

Now we will plunge right into our story.

It was noon at Castle Garden. An ocean steamer had arrived the night before, and now most of her passengers were streaming out of the historical structure at the Battery.

There were all sorts of nations and dress represented—Germans, Danes, Norwegians, Dutch, Russian and English walked out side by side, all eager to see what the glorious land of the Stars and Stripes was like.

Nearly the last of the motley congregation came a gentleman with a genuine Irish swagger, Pat Rooney whiskers, a North of Ireland Sunday suit and a curiosity of a high hat. In his hands he carried a huge green bag and a cane; around his waist was tied a reticule, and on his back was slung, by means of a strap, several rolls and bundles.

Of course the customary crowd of idlers were gathered around Castle Garden, watching the emigrants come out.

They spotted the old chap of whom we have just spoken at a glance.

"Stagg the tarrier, Billy!" shouted a bootblack.

"It's a genooine flannel-mouth," responded Billy.

"Wonder is it for sale?" yelled a hackman.

Then the crowd began to compliment the old chap in earnest.

"Shoot that hat!"

"Call in the carpet-bag!"

"Stab the umbrella!"

"Bury that Seymour coat!"

"Would you look at the daisy pants?"

"Pull down your vest!"

"Paralyze your collar, you greenhorn!"

The old chap stopped.

He had been walking along as consequentially as if he had been a baby elephant until these ribald remarks reached his ear.

He realized that they were meant for him.

He stopped right short.

"See here, ye blaggards!" he shouted in a stentorian voice; "are ye alludin' wid disrespect to me?"

"Shut up, Rooney!" shouted somebody, by way of reply.

The old chap dropped his carpet-bag and grasped his umbrella.

"Me name is not Rooney!" he cried. "Show me the sucker that tould me to shut up and I'll break his head!"

"What are yer givin' us?" asked a newsboy. "Yer too hot, old man; come off!"

"Do you know who I am?" demanded the old chap as he made a dive for the newsboy.

"You're a cannibal!"

"You're a Turk!"

"You're a Coney Island mermaid!"

Such were the answers he received.

He stamped his foot with rage.

"Ye blaggards!" he shouted. "I am Terence Muldoon; an' be heaven I'm a solid man!"

The crowd groaned disrespectfully.

"Get out; you're a bloody spy!" remarked a young gentleman, who drove an ash cart by way of recreation.

"Me a spy! me, Terence Muldoon, the pride av the Dublin Faynians, a nasty sneak av a spy. Ye peep-av-day boy, I'll knock that lyin' tongue av yours crooked!"

With one bound Muldoon reached the ash-cart young gentleman.

He gave him a blow with his old umbrella that nearly knocked him stiff.

"Take that, ye liar!" Muldoon yelled.

But the young gentleman had several friends in that crowd.

And the first thing that Muldoon knew somebody slugged him with a rotten squash, somebody hit him with a brick and somebody else knocked him head over heels and then kicked him.

But he was on his feet in a second.

He jammed his bad hat over his eyes and got up a regular Irish war dance.

"Who's the monkey that kicked me? Show him to me, an' I'll massacre him!" he howled.

"There's the feller," answered a mischievous boy, pointing to an innocent Italian organ-grinder, who stood looking wonderingly on.

Muldoon went for him.

The first thing that that organ-grinder knew he was standing upside down on a bench and Muldoon was kicking the organ furiously around.

"What da devilla meana?" screeched the son of sunny Italy.

"I'll show ye, ye parasite!" Muldoon explained as he knocked the stuffing completely out of the organ with his Dublin brogan.

The Italian got up in anger and surprise.

"Leava organ alona," he begged.

"Go to the devil!" was Muldoon's sturdy reply; "thry your Italian tricks on me, will yez. Whoop! Begorra, I wish ye had a monkey here, I'd ate it!" and he raised the organ's cylinder about six feet into the air.



"You pay me ninety dollar," said the Italian threateningly.

"Pay you divil a cint."

"Me maka you."

"Maka nobody. Lay a hand on me, and I'll pulverize ye!"

The Italian, quick as a flash, pulled out a knife.

"Cheese it, Muldoon; he's got a razor!" yelled a bystander.

Muldoon did not need the friendly warning.

He had perceived the glistening blade, and, with one square-shouldered blow, knocked both knife and Italian into a baby carriage, which upset, spilling Italian and babies around promiscuously.

Then ensued a mischievous melee, in which everybody took a hand.

Muldoon was happy and he slugged everybody and got slugged back like a little man.

Suddenly, though, there arose an ominous cry:

"Police!"

Instantly everybody fled.

All except Muldoon.

He did not understand the cause of the sudden skip.

"Come back, ye cowards!" he challenged. "I'll bate the mob and you. Come back till I show you Dublin Bay science. Walk up till—"

A hand laid on his shoulder and a stern voice at his ear interrupted his remark.

"You're my prisoner," said the voice. "Resist me, and I'll club you in the stomach."

Muldoon looked around.

A big man in a blue uniform, with the legend sergeant on his hat, stood by him.

"Who in St. Patrick are you?" asked Muldoon.

"I'm a policeman."

"A peeler, is it?"

"Yes, I want you."

"An' what for?"

"For fighting."

"Do yez call that little bit av a pleasant discussion a fight?"

"You will find out that it is when the judge gives you six months for it."

"Yer blarneying."

"None of your lip; come along."

"Where to?"

"The station house."

"Shure I ain't got time."

The officer replied by taking Muldoon by the collar.

As he did so Muldoon for the first time caught a good glimpse of the officer's face.

"Howly mother!" cried he, "if it ain't ould Paddy Rafferty's bye, Dennis, that had to leave Dublin for staling av a pig."

The officer dropped his prisoner like hot lead.

"Who in thunder are you?" he asked.

"Terence Muldoon!"

"What, Muldoon, the Solid Man?"

"Just so."

"That used to keep a foundry off of Queen street?"

"I'm he; arrah, yez knew all the time. It was fooling ye wur, Dennis Rafferty. But where did ye get the fine clothes? It's a general ye must be, Denny."

The sergeant's tone changed at once. He shook Muldoon warmly by the hand, and asked after old friends. Muldoon's evident admiration of his uniform tickled him, and he gave Muldoon to understand that, next to the President, he was the biggest man in America.

And Muldoon swallowed the taffy like the greenhorn that he was.

In the midst of their chat the Italian interfered.

He came up with the ruins of his organ and accosted the sergeant:

"Thisa man," said he pointing to Muldoon, "breaka mia organ."

"Arrah, go 'way," responded Rafferty.

"He kicka me."

"Will you go 'way?"

"But he breaka up my business. Me have no organ—no play," persisted the wretched Italian.

"Bounce!" ordered Rafferty, attempting to tell Muldoon how all the aristocrats tipped their hats to him.

"But I wanta justice, I wanta him to pay for organ. He badda man," the Italian interrupted.

"I'll kill you, you gutter-snipe!" roared Rafferty, as he went for the Italian, clubbed him once or twice, and then ran him in on a charge of attempted assassination.

Muldoon watched the pair out of sight.

"Shure this is a great country," he soliloquized, as he picked up his traps and started toward Broadway.

Before he reached it, however, a young man with a dirty face but a very flashy neck-tie stepped up to him:

"Pity a poor orphan," sighed the young man.

"Where is he?" Muldoon inquired.

"Before you, sir; both of my parents were killed by an express train, and I am alone in the world. But if I can only get to Boston, I have a rich uncle there who will support me."

"Why the divil don't ye get there, then?"

The young man sobbed.

He seemed deeply affected. Probably he was.

"I hate to tell you, sir," he said, "but I'm broke."

"Where? Is it dangerous?"

"I mean to say that I'm skinned."

Muldoon lifted his hands in horror.

"I heard tell that Ameriky was a dreadful place, but I had no idea that they skinned people," he exclaimed. "Whose skin are ye wearin' now?"

He turned aside to hide a broad grin—grief, doubtless.

"You don't understand me," he managed to say. "I am without money, but I have a watch. Now, will you kindly let me have a small loan on it?"

"Let me look at it," responded Muldoon.

The young man complied by producing a gorgeous oriole watch, probably worth about ten dollars a dozen. But to inexperienced eyes it looked worth a great deal more.

"You, of course, know all about watches," said the young man, handing it over.

Now Muldoon knew in reality about as much about a watch as a circus cat does about the Signal Service.

But it flattered him to have his opinion appealed to.

He examined the watch with the same critical knowledge that a monkey exhibits when he handles a sewing machine.

"What do you want for it?" he finally asked.

"Fifty dollars," promptly responded the young man; "it's worth a couple of hundred, but you know I only want a loan on it."

Muldoon fished out the money.

He had changed his British gold for Yankee greenbacks at Castle Garden, and accordingly had the stamps at hand.

"Here it is," said he; and the young man, after writing down Muldoon's address in a dirty note-book—everything about the young man was dirty, except his necktie—went off.

Muldoon put the watch in his pocket in triumph.

"Ha—ha!" he exclaimed; "it takes Muldoon to make a bargain. A two hundred dollar Gould watch for quarther av what it is worth. Only twenty minutes in New York, and twenty-five pounds made. Arrah, it's a faine country!"

Thus philosophizing, he continued up the thoroughfare, swaggering as much as if he was Emperor of Prussia and part of Weehawken.

All of a sudden a man stooped down in front of him and picked up something.

The something was an apparently plethoric pocket-book.

"Is this yours, sir?" asked the man, a well-dressed chap, addressing Muldoon.

Muldoon gazed greedily upon the pocket-book.

It seemed to be bursting with greenbacks. He wanted awfully bad to say "yes." But the characteristic Irish honesty withheld him.

"No," he answered; "bad luck to it."

"I thought I saw you drop it," persisted the man.

"Thin you thought wrong."

The man looked at a card which he extracted from the pocket-book.

"J. R. Rhino," he said. "Why, this is Jim Rhino's pocket-book. He is one of the sharpest operators in Wall street. Here's his address, too: 555 Fifth avenue. What shall I do?"

"Take it back to him, like an honest man," said Muldoon.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I've got to go to Boston in an hour, to attend the bedside of a dying aunt."

"Does all Ameriky have relashuns in Boston?"

"Why?"

"Bedad, yez are the second man I've met who wanted to go to Boston."

"I wish I could stay," continued the fellow, disregarding Muldoon's interruption. "Rhino will be sure to give a big reward for the return of his pocket-book."

"I'll take it to him—and willin'," replied Muldoon.

"You look like an honest man," mused the other.

"Divil a doubt av it. All of the Muldoons were honest men except wan, an' he got hung by mistake, owing to a baste av a shape, which wint an' tied hisself to a rope which me ancestor was draggin' along from sphort behind him."

"Well," said the man who wanted to go to Boston, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me twenty-five cases, and the pocket-book is yours—to restore."

"Twenty-five cases av what?" asked Muldoon.

"Oh, you're fresh; I mean dollars."

"You want a five-pound note for the pocket-book?"



"Of course. You'll probably get a hundred reward. I sell my share of it to you for twenty-five."

"Bedad, I'll do it. It is Terence Muldoon that is the speculator for ye."

Muldoon paid over the twenty-five dollars, and the man slid away. Probably he went to Boston to posture at the death of his aunt.

Muldoon looked over the bills in the pocket-book.

"Wahoo Bitters," he read on one; "shure, Wahoo Bitters must be a great man to have his name on bank-bills. 'Potato Bed Bank,' begorra, that is a foine name for a bank. 'Five Thousand Dollars, Kentucky Lottery,' probably that is a government concern. Ah, Muldoon, it is a Solid Man ye are. Think av the reward!"

Shoving the bills into his pocket, the deluded Irishman continued his walk up Broadway.

Everything was new to him; the fine buildings, the ceaseless throng, the rumbling stages and carriages, all interested him.

Every step divulged some new and pleasing sight, and he repeated over a hundred times his favorite exclamation:

"Shure, Ameriky is a grate place."

Presently a sprinkling cart came by, laying the dust with its jets of spreading water.

He had never seen one before.

"Begob," cried he, "the poor man is a-losing all av the water in his cart. I must tell him."

Full tilt after the cart started Muldoon.

"Hould on!" he shouted at the driver.

That person, a red-shirted Dutchman, hastily pulled up his horse.

"Vat vos the matter?" he asked.

"Plug up the holes in yer cart, ye fool," ordered Muldoon.

"Vat for?"

"Yez are losing all av the water; yez cart is leaking."

The Dutchman gave him a scornful look.

"Get oud, you old terrier," he hallooed back; "pudy schmart, ain't you?"

"Be heavens, I'm tellin' you the truth!"

"Go blay baseball. Vat for you take me? I vos not a socker. You vos too new!"

Muldoon began to get back.

"Ye cheese-ater," he remarked, "is that all the thanks yez give to a man for trying to help ye? It's a pity ye're parents ever married."

"Schwin oud," advised the Dutchman; "vhy don't you tell me dat my wheel vos going around?"

"None av yer lip. Do yez know who yez are conversing wid, ye baboon?"

"Parnum's giraffe!"

"Do I look like a giraffe? Come out av that seat an' I'll make ye look like a humpbacked elephant, be heavens!"

The Dutchman accepted the invitation.

He got off of his cart and descended to the ground.

"Now I have ye!" yelled Muldoon. "I'll knock ye clane up to heaven through your hat. Tell the undertaker to put your name on a coffin, ye ugly-faced caricathur, for I'll paste the—"

Muldoon stopped right there.

Owing possibly to the fact that the Dutchman knocked him over a dry goods box into an ash-barrel.

By the time he had got up the Dutchman was gone.

But a crowd of spectators had collected.

"What the deuce ails you, old Ireland?" asked a pert errand boy.

Muldoon related the situation.

"If I ever catch that son of a baloney sausage, God help him!" he resentfully remarked. "He's broke me lung!"

The crowd enjoyed a good laugh.

Then a gentleman explained to Muldoon his mistake.

"Then it's a fool I have made av meself," he said. "But will anybody tell me where me brother-in-law, Patrick O'Malley, lives?"

"On the Island!"

"In the monkey's cage at the menagerie."

"Up Salt Creek!"

"He is head soup-eater at the poorhouse."

"You'll find him in the lobster tank at the aquarium."

This was the way the laughing crowd slung it to Muldoon, and he got a little provoked.

He made a grand rush for the crowd, tipped over two or three, and was preparing to pave the street with corpses, when a policeman arrived.

"What's struck you, old man?" he roughly inquired.

"The blaggards are giving me back talk!" replied Muldoon.

"What was you doing?"

"Axin' av thim a simple question. Bad cess to their souls, I'll agonize the whole gang."

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"Terence Muldoon, and I want to go to me brother-in-law, Patrick O'Malley. He's a big man; he wrote and told me that he had an unraysonable pull in the ward."

"Do you mean O'Malley the big contractor?" asked the policeman.

"Yis."

"Well, he lives in Clinton Place. Take a stage and get out there. His house is right near McDougal street."

"Would yez have the condesincion to show me a stage?"

The officer pointed out a stage.

Now Muldoon had never beheld a stage of the sort in use in New York before.

Several times since he had left Castle Garden he had noticed a stage going by with a small boy stealing a ride on the step behind.

It struck Muldoon that it was rather a queer place to ride, and he thought he would inquire.

He accosted one of these little American District telegraph boys.

"Say, me son," he remarked, "where do yez ride in thim stages—it is not familiarized wid thim that I am?"

The boy looked at him and took his measure in a second.

"You ride on the steps, sir," with angelic innocence.

"But what is the inside for?"

"Carry pigs in it, sir."

"Well, this is a quare counthry!" muttered Muldoon; "shure they allow the pigs, the dairty bastes, to ride in the inside and stick an Irish nobleman like meself on the rear piazzy."

Dodging across the street, he climbed onto the step of a Fifth avenue stage and contentedly sat down. On it rolled, Muldoon in the rear. His countrified look attracted a crowd of small boys, who raced on alongside him, yelling at the top of their voices.

"Stag the Turk!" called out one.

"Where is he?" Muldoon asked; "devil a Turk do I see."

"Pike the terrier!"

"Yez lie, boys. It's a Newfoundland that's there beyant."

"Look at Rooney!"

"Where is he, the sucker?" Muldoon shouted, totally unconscious that all the remarks were meant for him.

Just then a policeman whistled.

It was a signal to the driver of the stage which Muldoon was on that somebody was stealing a ride.

The driver looked down.

He saw Muldoon.

He gave the door strap a tremendous jerk.

Out flew the door with great force, knocking Muldoon heels over head into the street, carbet bag, cane and all.

"Howly murder!" he roared, as he rescended into a dirt-pile; "is this the way the bloody American stages tell the jintlemen that are ridin' in them that it is time to get out? But, be heaven! I'm square with the assassin; I didn't pay me fare!"

## CHAPTER II.

We left Muldoon lying in the gutter, where he had been deposited by the stage door.

When he got up he was a nice-looking sight. His face was muddy, his breeches were torn, and his carpet bag had a big hole stove in the bottom.

But what troubled him most was his hat.

He looked at it in sorrow.

"Begorra!" he exclaimed, "shure, that hat was new ten years ago, an' luk at it now. Anybody would swear that it had been sthrudd by a pile-driver. Bad cess to the divil that drove that stage; it is ruined me chapeau—as the French say—that he has! Arrah, if I were—"

"Come, old Tipperary, get along. Don't stand there in the street, scaring the horses," interrupted a stalwart member of the Broadway Squad, idly swinging his club. Muldoon looked around.

"Another peeler," he ejaculated; "it must rain policemen in Ameriky."

"Bounce!" continued the officer; "how did you get out of your cage?"

"What cage?"

"The monkey cage."

Muldoon straightened himself up to his fullest extent.

"Young fellow, you're too fresh!" exclaimed he; "do I look like a monkey? Do you know who I am? Take off yer coat, ye Galway nobleman, an' I'll show yez me pedigree!"

"That'll do," responded the other, relapsing upon his official dignity; "move on!"

"Where to?"

"How do I know?"



"Then tell me. It is to Clinton Place that I am desirous av goin', but I haven't the faintest conjecture where it is."

"Oh, you're just landed?"

"Yez are not a liar."

"What did you come to New York for?" continued the officer, desirous of chaffing the other a little.

"To buy it, ye sucker!" Muldoon replied, guessing the policeman's object. "Now, will yez hire me a railway till I go to Patrick O'Malley's?"

After a few more questions, the policeman called a cab.

"Take this conundrum to Alderman O'Malley's," he ordered to the driver, as he placed Muldoon in the cab.

"Bedad, me father would rowl around in his grave wid joy to see me rowling up Broadway in a grand kerridge, an' both feet on the sate like one of the nobility," he remarked, triumphantly. "Muldoon, ye're solid—ye're a solid man—and don't yez forget it."

The cab sped on until it came to a brown-stone front on Clinton Place, east of McDougal street.

Here it stopped.

The driver descended and opened the door.

"Mr. O'Malley's," said he.

Muldoon attempted to get out with tremendous dignity.

The consequence was that his foot caught in the step, he tripped and went all in a heap over an ash-barrel, his carpet bag and cane flying off at a tangent.

He got up with a very red face.

"What are ye grinning at, ye baboon?" he roared at the driver, who appeared to be going into convulsions behind the cab door.

The latter composed his face by a miracle.

"I wasn't laughing, judge," he responded. "I was shivering."

"Ye were shivering?"

"That's it, general."

"It's lucky. If I suspected that yez were laughing, I would break yez head. That's the way I always get out av a vehicle."

"I thought so, your majesty," said the fellow, without a suspicion of a smile.

His generous bestowal of titles tickled Muldoon.

"The bye takes me for a big man," he soliloquized. "Shure, me aspect must be commanding. How much do ye want, young man?"

"Two dollars."

Muldoon handed it over, never suspecting that he was paying triple fare.

"Good day, sehator," grinned the driver, pocketing the money and driving off.

Muldoon nodded condescendingly, and ascended the steps of the O'Malley mansion.

He rang the bell with as much delicacy as if it had been a health lift.

A stout, small, round, good-natured looking Irishman with a big diamond in his shirt, and an enormous watch chain, opened the door.

"Howly Moses!" yelled he, after one look, "ef it t'ain't Terence Muldoon!"

"Paddy O'Malley, I see ye recognize me, ye ould bog-trotter," answered Muldoon, in a brave tone, although somehow his eyes seemed full of tears at meeting an old friend in a new country.

O'Malley hustled Muldoon into the house in a second.

"Come downstairs," he said, "and see the ould woman and your relashuns. We were just sitting down to dinner, and I thought that ye were one av the gang afther a sinecure on the pipes."

Muldoon complied.

He followed his host downstairs into the dining-room.

A buxom Irish lady, handsomely dressed, advanced to meet him.

"Norah!"

"Terry!"

The two exclamations, and the brother and sister were locked in each other's arms, while O'Malley stood by and fairly beamed with joy.

But by and by their transports moderated.

"Take a chair, Terry," said his sister, "and I'll ring for the children."

She touched a small bell.

A very stiff young man, in a very stiff collar, and a very stiff livery, came in in a very stiff walk.

"James," said Mrs. O'Malley.

"Yes, me leddy."

"Send your young master an' mistress in."

"Yes, me leddy," and James turned and went out with the negligent grace of an automaton.

Muldoon gazed after him with awe.

"Is it stuffed?" he asked.

"What?" inquired O'Malley.

"The caricature that just wint out wid the gait ov a tay chist."

"Arrah, that's James," laughed Mrs. O'Malley. "He is our butler. A foine sarvint he is, too, wid all the quality airs around him."

"I wouldn't like to own him," said Muldoon.

"Why?"

"I would feel infarior to him with his cut-throat collar."

"Wait till you get to be high-chuned, like me, an' you'll get used to it, Terry," answered his sister with ineffable superiority. "Here comes yer nephew and niece now."

Sure enough, a lively, devil-may-care, mischief-looking young lady of perhaps seventeen came into the room, followed by a handsome boy, somewhat flashily but yet tastily dressed, who probably was about a year younger than his sister.

"Mary Ann—Roger," said their mother, "this is your uncle Terence, all the way from Dublin."

Mary Ann and Roger bowed low, and Muldoon acknowledged their courtesy. Of course he declared that Mary Ann was the image of her mother, and Roger a close imitation of his father. Then they all sat down to a hearty lunch.

"Wonder where the old cod-fish grew?" whispered Roger to his sister, as they sat side by side.

"Who?"

"Muldoon."

"Isn't he a regular terrier, Roger?"

"You're right. Hanged if he don't handle that fork as if it was a saber."

"See him biting the knife to see if it is real silver."

"He's as green as grass—I say, Mary Ann."

"Well?"

"We'll make the old Turk buzz about lively till he gets used to the country. What do you say?"

"Agreed."

"Shake on it, sis."

Mary Ann extended her hand and the bargain was sealed. Ah, Muldoon, you poor Hibernian, that compact of fun meant misery to you, you boastful Solid Man!

"James," ordered Mrs. O'Malley, "bring in the finger-bowls."

James departed on his usual funeral pace, and presently returned with the finger-bowls, each bowl containing water and a slice of lemon for cleaning the fingers after a meal.

"Here they are, me leddy," said the solemn James.

"Take one to Mr. Muldoon."

James obeyed.

He placed one of the bowls before the Solid Man.

Muldoon looked at it curiously. He had never set eyes on one before, and he did not have the slightest idea for what purpose it was.

"I wonder fwat the divil it is, anyhow?" he murmured; "soup or limonade. Bedad, but I'll taste it, an' not expose me ignorance before that spalpeen wid the stiff collar."

Brassily he lifted the bowl to his lips.

He took one sip.

"Be heavens, O'Malley!" he remarked, "the lemonade is not good; there is too much wather an' too little lemon. It lacks sweetness, too!"

O'Malley forgot all about politeness, and roared with laughter.

So did his wife and the children, while James even gave vent to a sort of starched rustle that was probably intended for a laugh.

Muldoon's quick temper arose.

"What are ye sniggering at?" he demanded; "do yez take me, Terence Muldoon, for a monkey show?"

Nobody answered. The O'Malleys were laughing too hard, and it was not the cast-iron James' place to say anything.

Muldoon got madder.

He jumped up on his chair.

"Tell me what yez are laughing at," he yelled, "or, bad cess to yer sows, I'll break somebody's head wid a tay cup!"

He evidently meant it. O'Malley perceived so, and choked himself by an attempt to choke a laugh.

"That ain't lemonade, Muldoon," he grinned.

"It ain't?"

"No."

"Thin what is it?"

"It's wather to wash your hands in afther ating."

Muldoon sank down like a shot, with a very red face. He knew that James was inwardly laughing at him, and he would have felt happier could he have got up and punched that amiable servant's head.

But as it was he had to apologize the best way that he could.

"I wish they would give me a hunk av corn-beef an' me hat full av praties," he sighed, "and let me go out and ate in the airy. It's too stylish to be comfortable for a man loike meself."



Dessert next came on.

It was composed of fruit.

James brought a dish of bananas, and Muldoon took one, although this was the first time he had ever seen the fruit, for bananas are a rarity in Ireland.

"Are ye fond of bananas, Terry?" asked Mrs. O'Malley.

"Disperately, ma'am," answered Muldoon, conscious that James' eye was upon him.

"Are they plenty in Dublin?"

"They're a dhrug in the market; sivinteen for a cint."

"They wasn't when I left."

"That was years ago, Norah. Now every gintleman as is a gintleman kapes a banana tree in his back yard!" concluded Muldoon, bound to make the lie a big one.

He started to manipulate his banana with the same perfect self-command with which a whale would ride a velocipede.

James glided noiselessly up behind him.

"Shall I peel it for you, sir?" he asked.

"Do you suppose I am not familiar wid a banana?" roared Muldoon.

"No, sir."

"Then ax yer grandmother how to suck eggs. I can peel me own banana, ye two-legged stork."

James retreated in discomfiture, and Muldoon proceeded to eat the fruit.

He bit it as he would an apple, swallowing peel and all.

Every mouthful choked him, but he kept on, determined to show folks that bananas were nothing new to him.

And at every move of his jaw he glanced around to see if anybody was laughing.

Everybody was remarkably quiet. Everybody, in fact, was as red as a beet in the face, and felt willing to give a good deal to leave the room.

Even James regarded the floor with absorbing interest, and seemed to have a turnip in each cheek, they were swelled out so.

By and by Mary Ann could stand it no longer.

The sight of poor Muldoon desperately cramming down his banana with a not-to-be-hidden expression of terrible misery on his face, was too ludicrous.

"Uncle Terry," said she, with a giggle, "now that you've swallowed the skin, why don't you tackle the stem?"

All laughed loudly. It was wrong, but they couldn't help it.

Muldoon dashed that banana onto the floor.

He surveyed the scene with murder and rapine in his eye.

He beheld the pampered James.

"Sich blawsted h'ignorance," James was muttering, between his convulsions of mirth.

With one bound Muldoon reached him.

He clutched him by the neck.

"Be heavens, ye son av a starch-bag!" he yelled, "I'll show yez how to make ridicule av a Solid Man!"

First he took James and rubbed the carpet with him.

Next he kicked him across the room, and put a chair and sofa on his manly form.

Then he knocked the chair and the sofa off, resurrected James, hurled him over the stove, and was about to throw him through the side of the house when O'Malley interfered.

"Muldoon!" he shouted, "Muldoon, you crazy turf-eater, what are you doing?"

"Massacreing a Turk!" responded Muldoon, standing James on his head.

"Lave him alone."

"What for?"

"He's me sarvent."

"Patrick O'Malley."

"Yis."

"I'll have ye to comprehend that if he was your mother he could not laugh at Terence Muldoon wid impunity."

"But he didn't mane anything."

"Do yez suppose that I would allow an ugly gorilla, wid a walk like a fire-tongs and a face like a termatty, to make a jest av me? No, sir, I'll kill him, if he comes to see me hung for it."

But by this time the doalogue had come to a conclusion and Mrs. O'Malley had rescued James and sent him up to his room to repair damages.

Gradually they got Muldoon quieted down.

After a good smoke he felt in better humor, and even condescended to express a hope that he had not broken James all to pieces.

Before supper he and O'Malley went out, and he purchased himself a new rig.

His old coat he exchanged for a swallow-tail, his Dublin corduroy pants for doeskin ones, his old style plug for a Knox's best, and his cowhide boots for low shoes, and fearfully loud-colored stockings.

He also purchased a tremendous piccadilly, a dazzling green scarf to wear with it, and a diamond cross. Then he topped

all with a pair of red kid gloves with blue stripes, and a white vest.

"Arrah," he said, as he tried on the last, "here's a broth av a pocket—jest the thing to carry me watch in."

"Have you a watch?" asked O'Malley.

"Ye are correct."

"Where did you get it?"

"Struck it from a sucker, be gob!" and Muldoon told the story about the poor young man who wanted to go to Boston, narrated in the preceding part.

"Let's see the super," said O'Malley.

"The what?"

"The watch."

"Thin why didn't ye say so? Isn't a super a poor divil that gets sevinty-five cints a week for playing an army at a thaya-ter?"

O'Malley explained that "super" was cant for watch, and Muldoon resurrected the article in question from his old vest.

"Ain't it a daisy?" he affectionately exclaimed, holding it up to the light.

O'Malley took it.

He looked at it carefully.

"How much did you say it was worth?" asked he.

"Fifty dollars."

O'Malley laughed.

"Muldoon," he announced, "you've been taken in. That watch ain't worth over fifty cents. Did you look inside av it?"

"No."

"Ye'd orter."

"Why?"

"Because it hasn't any works. The inside is filled with tacks."

There was a little circus right away. Muldoon took the watch and kicked it, and jumped on it. He welted the air with his fist, and prayed for a sight of the glib swindler who had stuck him on the watch.

"I'll kill him!" he threatened. "I'll baste the black heart out av him. I'll ate his head. I'll jump on his neck till he swallows his wind-pipe. I'll paralyze the darty dayceiver!"

"No use crying over spilt milk," O'Malley laughed. "Wait till you catch him."

"God pity him when I do; it won't be disease that he'll die of," replied Muldoon, grimly. "I say, have we time to go an' see Jim Rhino?"

"Jim Rhino, the broker?"

"Precisely."

"What have ye got to do wid him?"

"I've his pocket-book."

"When did ye grab it?"

"A gintleman picked it up an' give it to me. It's apoplectic wid bills; big wans, too. Think on the reward."

"Let's see it," said O'Malley.

Taking it, it needed but one look to convince him of the truth.

"Ye're sould again," he said; "Muldoon, those bills are all advertisements. That isn't Jim Rhino's money or pocket-book."

"Whose is it, then?" demanded Muldoon, nervously.

"I'll never tell ye; another swindler has caught ye;" and O'Malley explained the well-known "pocket-book" game, of which Muldoon had been the victim.

Then there was a panorama of Ireland in insurrection.

Muldoon went wild; offered two hundred dollars for a shot-gun, and a thousand for a shillaleh.

"New York is the divil av a place!" he roared; "be heavens, I'll take the nixt train home. Only six hours in the country, an' sivinty-five dollars gone. Ah, musha—musha! O'Malley, ye stony-hearted bog-trotter, what are ye sniggerin' away there for, like a sardine-headed crocodile?"

O'Malley instantly drew a long face.

"Brace up, Muldoon," he said, "show that ye are a Solid Man."

"I will," answered our sturdy old hero, "but let me lay hands on that pocket-book dropper—there will be one less man in Ameriky."

Thus muttering, Muldoon started back for O'Malley's. A bootblack approached him and asked for a shine.

"Niver," replied he.

"Get out, you flannel-mouthed Mick!" roared the bootblack.

Muldoon knocked him flat on the sidewalk, smashed his blacking-box, and spit on his head. Then Muldoon felt decidedly better.

After that he and O'Malley went into a saloon and had some whisky sours.

Muldoon felt hilarious, and went back home gay as an educated oyster.



"Will you come to the picnic with us to-morrow, Terry?" asked his sister.

"What picnic?"

"The Mike Lanigan Coterie."

"Where to?"

"Dudley's Grove, av coorse."

"Be jabbers, I'll go anywheres!" promptly answered Muldoon. "Will there be whisky an' dancin', wid maybe a slight fight for the sake av sociability?"

"I guess so."

"Thin count me in wid the rist av the animals;" and Muldoon went off to bed.

Next morning he was aroused bright and early.

He got up, dressed himself, and found all of the family up and tearing around, preparing for the picnic.

Muldoon tried to assist in fixing the lunch.

He was a dazzling failure.

He spilt the pepper-sauce over the butter, got red pepper on the sponge cake, thought the salt was sugar, and put half a pound of it in the lemonade, thought the sugar was salt, and covered the ham sandwiches with it, burst the vinegar bottle endeavoring to cork it up with an oyster cracker, and, being ignominiously scolded by his sister, retired in disgrace, and sat down on a custard pie in his new pants.

But finally all was got ready.

Besides the family there were three strangers with the O'Malleys; Miss Bridget O'Brien, the Widow Halorahan and her escort, Mr. Cornelius Mulcahy.

With much laughter and tremendous bustle the crowd started for the pier at which the barge which was to convey them to Dudley's Grove, a favorite picnic woods up the Hudson, lay.

They took a car across.

Muldoon carried the O'Malley lunch in a basket the size of a small house, and stood on the rear platform.

He noticed a great many jumping off and on the car without its stopping.

"I'll jist jump off and buy a cigar," he muttered.

Taking the basket on his arm he got on the step.

"Take care!" the conductor cautioned.

"Be aisy wid yerself—I can jump wid agility," answered Muldoon, hopping off.

He jumped with his back square to the horses.

There could be but one logical result. He struck the ground, stumbled back for ten feet or so, and finally landed on his head, the contents of the basket flying in all directions.

### CHAPTER III.

You will recollect that we left Muldoon on his beam end in the street, the result of an unsuccessful attempt to jump out of a horse car while in motion.

Muldoon was greatly surprised.

He looked at the retreating car, at himself, and then at the scattered lunch which lay around the street in picturesque and decidedly dirty confusion.

Holy St. Patrick!" he cried, "the lunch is spilt entirely. Shure, that divil av a pickle jar is broke up complately; an' St. Pether himself couldn't resurrect the pol. Terence Muldoon, it is butter yez must have on yer fate to fall so ondacently, when a slip av a boy can get off an' on the car wid the greatest av alacrity."

"What's the matter?" grinned Roger O'Malley, running up.

"A shipwreck," retorted Muldoon.

"Are you hurt?"

"In me sympathies. Roger, it is air pie an' balloon pudding that the gang will have to ate on the picnic."

"Why?"

"Would yez gaze at the lunch? Perhaps ham sandwiches wid mud sauce may agree wid your dayjastion, but they won't wid mine."

"Oh, that's all right," said Roger; "we can buy something to eat up at the grove."

"We can?"

"Of course."

"Thank hiven!" and Muldoon picked up himself and the empty basket with a great deal of relief visible on his countenance. "Come and have a cigar."

The pair wended their way to a near-by cigar store.

A German woman, of fat and florid visage, was behind the counter.

"Two cigars, an' make 'em strong," was Muldoon's order. She produced two boxes.

"Vich vill you dake, Flor del Fumars or Partagas?" she asked.

"To the divil wid both av thim. I want a cigar."

"Dey vos so."

"Do yez take me for a Turk? Who axed yez for Flor de Blumars or Smartagoes? I want a cigar, ye Cuban sylph!"

The woman did not know whether to get mad or not. She had a vague but mistaken idea that Muldoon was guying her.

"Dey vos all cigars," she replied, opening the boxes.

"Thin why didn't yez articulate so?" and Muldoon helped himself.

Paying for the weeds, he lit his and walked out.

"Arrah, Roger," said he, as they reached the street, "did ye notice the recentness av the Russian fairy?"

"Who?"

"The female baby elephant. She tried to stick some Frinch snuff off on me, some 'More de Gluma,' instead av cigars. But she didn't come it; I am too solid."

"I should blush so," laughed Roger, and the pair went on in silence until they arrived at the boat.

The dock was crowded with people—excursionists, loungers, peddlers, whip fiends, bouquet sellers, orange demons, and so on.

Muldoon was a ready victim to all of them.

He bought a big bouquet and a whip, a cane and a bag of cast-iron oranges, and would probably have purchased a hay barge, had one been for sale.

Finally Roger succeeded in dragging him on board the boat—the "Long Branch."

The rest of the party had already arrived.

They chaffed Muldoon a good deal on his unsuccessful jump, but he took it, for a wonder, good-humoredly, and soon the party were in the best of spirits.

By and by the Widow Halorahan suggested a stroll.

"May I have the playsure av escorting ye?" asked Muldoon, with his sweetest smile.

Raally now, Misther Muldoon," she replied, "will it not be incommoding you?"

"Niver."

"Thin I accept av your company."

"Will you take me wing, Mrs. Halorahan?"

"Folks will think that we are engaged."

"If any sucker casts any reflections, shure, I'll kill him first, and murder him if he dares to repate the offense!"

Thus assured, the blushing widow consented to take Muldoon's arm, and to walk up and down the promenade deck to the strains of "Whoa, Emma," as played by a bad band of a cornet and a paralyzed fiddle.

Muldoon had not gone far before he noticed that they were the centre of observation.

"Probably it is the style av me walk that draws the attention av the populace," he reflected, as he put on a more stylish, as he thought, step.

Mrs. Halorahan also noticed the stares with which they were freely greeted.

"I wonder why everybody is looking at us?" she asked.

"Because av yer beauty," gallantly returned Muldoon.

"Ye are a piccadilly flatterer, Misther Muldoon. But iverybody is laughing."

"They are?"

"Yis."

"Thin lave go av me arm for a brief space av toime."

"Why?"

"Till I bathe meself in the blood of the sardines. Laugh at Terence Muldoon an' a leddy, will they?"

But the widow held him back. She did not desire seeing a rumpus started on her account.

Still the staring and audible smiles continued wherever they went. Muldoon got furious. He itched to put a head on somebody for something or another.

Finally he accosted a young gentleman who sat on a beer-keg smoking a cigar several degrees bigger than himself:

"Do you see anything remarkable about me appearance?" he asked.

The young gentleman removed the cigar, and took a careful survey.

"What are you carrying your visiting card on your back for?" he interrogated.

"Ye are a liar! The only card I have is the Jack av Spades, an' I'm wearing that inside av me flannel chemise for a stomach protector."

"Just put your hand behind you, old Fireworks!" retorted the youth, sucking his cigar again.

Muldoon did as requested.

His hand touched something rustling.

He tore it off.

It was a white card, almost two feet square, on which was scrawled, in blue lead pencil:

STOLEN FROM CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.

Anybody who can guess what it is can have it.



Muldoon took one look at it. Then he took off his hat and jumped on it; took off his coat and kicked it up in the air.

"Ben heavens!" he roared, "show me the blaggard that pinned that on me duster. Point him out to me till I kick him bald-headed."

Once more Roger appeared upon the scene with the stereotyped inquiry:

"What's the matter?"

Muldoon showed him the card.

"Gaze upon it," Muldoon yelled; "some son uv an alligator has been making a penny puppy show out uv Muldoon, the Solid Man. Musha! let me lay me fist into his corporosity. an' I'll break him apart! Roger, me darlint."

"Yes, sir," promptly responded Roger.

"Have ye a suspicion uv the heretic who has perpetrated this outrage?"

Roger suddenly grew mysterious.

"Sh!" he whispered.

"What's the row?" asked Muldoon.

"Don't give it away."

"Give what away?"

"Do you want to know who has been making a circus out of you?"

"Do I?"

"Mulcahy."

"What?"

"Mulcahy," repeated Roger.

"What have I ever done to that cross-eyed, duck-legged bog-trotter?" exclaimed Muldoon.

"You've cut him out."

"I niver cut him either out or in. Do I look as if I carried a razor, ye spalpeen?"

"I mean he's jealous of you."

"Av me good looks?"

"No."

"Av me creamy complexion?"

"Stuff; you see you've got the widow mashed on you."

"The Widdy Halorahan?"

"Just so; she likes you a good deal better than she does ham."

"She is possessed av iducated sense," repeated Muldoon, as he took off his cuffs and spit on his hands. "Cornelius Mulcahy, yer doom is sealed."

"What are you going to do?" Roger inquired.

"Butcher Mulcahy. If there is an undhertaker on board, remark to him that his services may be wanted in a purfessional capacity."

Off went Muldoon like a shot—alive with vengeance.

He soon found his victim.

The innocent Mulcahy was sitting in the midst of the O'Malleys telling a funny story. Everybody was on the smile, even the stiff and sedate-like James was laughing with the generous hilarity of a newly buried corpse.

Muldoon arrived like an earthquake.

Without a word he knocked the startled and utterly surprised Mulcahy over a camp-stool and two babies.

The camp-stools fell down.

So did the babies.

And Mulcahy on top of them all.

"Lave me get at the ruffian," roared Muldoon, as Mrs. O'Malley seized him. "Lave me alone till I jump on his head, the snake in the grass."

"Hould him! he's a lu-natic!" shouted Mulcahy, trying to crawl away.

"Hand me a baby till I kill him wid it," entreated Muldoon.

"Hit the maniac wid an ax," begged Mulcahy.

"Terry—Terry!" shrieked Mrs. O'Malley, clinging to him.

"What ails you?"

"He's been pouring in the whisky, ma'am, till he takes me for a snake, or boar-restrictor. Put him in irons!" yelled Mulcahy, who had crept behind a fat woman and felt safer.

By way of reply, Muldoon hurled a bench at him, which knocked him stiff for a second or so.

At this exciting crisis Mr. O'Malley and the widow arrived.

"Terry has gone crazy—been sunstruck!" wailed Mrs. O'Malley.

"What ails yez, man?" demanded O'Malley, taking a good grip on our old hero's stalwart shoulder.

"He insulted me!" Muldoon howled.

"Who?"

"That baste av a Mulcahy!"

"Yez lie!" roared Mulcahy.

"Hivenly angels," Muldoon vociferated, "do yez hear that? I'm a liar! Be gorra, I'll corruscate his bowels!"

"Here—here," interposed O'Malley, "we must have an explanation. Muldoon, if yez raise your hand I'll shoot you! Mulcahy, move and I'll hang yez!"

The muscular alderman meant what he said. Both of the

wild Irishmen perceived this, and they quieted down wonderfully.

Muldoon stated his case.

Mulcahy emphatically denied ever seeing the libelous card, much less affixing it to Muldoon's coat.

Muldoon called upon Roger as a witness.

But Roger had skipped.

He was down in the engine-room waiting till "the thing blew over."

Therefore only one resource remained.

That was to shake hands and make up.

It was done, and for the present Muldoon and Mulcahy drowned their enmity in two good whisky straightshots.

After that everything was lovely till the grove was reached.

The usual lively scramble ensued while disembarking, and Muldoon's hat fell into the water.

With difficulty he was restrained from knocking half a dozen after it, but eventually it was rescued by a deck-hand and returned to him.

Nothing else of importance happened until somebody suggested a promenade before dinner.

Muldoon went with Mulcahy and Roger, who, by the way, had shown up again with all the cheek in the world.

Roger led the way to the shooting-gallery; there is always a shooting-gallery and a beer bar at a picnic ground.

Muldoon had never seen a shooting-gallery before.

He asked what it was.

Roger gave the youth who superintended the miniature Creedmoor the wink.

"It's a wax works show," he said, pointing to the targets, clumsily stuffed imitations of a man and a woman, each with a bull's-eye on the breast.

"A wax works," repeated Muldoon.

"Yes."

"What are the faygurs intinded to represent?"

"His royal nibbs the Count Joannes and Queen Elizabeth."

"Yez are not giving me taffy, Roger?"

"Nary a cent's worth, sir."

Muldoon stood and surveyed the figures carefully.

"How steadily they stand," said Mulcahy; "no man could stand so unimpressible."

"Av coorse he could," said Muldoon.

"Who?"

"Meself."

"Do yez mane to insinuate, Mister Muldoon, that yez can stand in wan position for tin minutes wid the iligant composure of those figures?" demanded Mulcahy.

"I'll bet ye on it," proposed Muldoon.

"Ye will?"

"Yis."

"How much?"

"Five dollars, be gob!"

"I'll close wid ye."

Both men hauled out their money. Roger was stake-holder.

"I'll tell you," suggested he, "where you had better stand, Uncle Terry."

"Where?"

"By the wax work."

"Why?"

"Then we can compare you with them and see how much you move."

Muldoon patted him patronizingly on the head.

"Ye have a gigantic intellect, Roger," he remarked; "but it is a good idea. I will comply wid it."

He marched into the back of the rifle-range.

And took up a position between the man and the woman dummies.

Then Roger arranged him into a preposterous position, his face turned to his dummy friends. In this posture he could not see a thing that was going on in front of him.

While Roger was admiring him, an excitable little Frenchman came along.

"Is zis ze shooting-gallery?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Roger.

"Vair zey shoot wiz ze gun at ze target?"

"Kerect."

"Is zair shooting now?"

"Lots of it. Go right up front, and ask for a gun. Here, I'll show you the way."

Roger led the way to the firing-counter. A few words to the youth there explained the joke which Roger had in his head. The youth responded by a nod of intelligence.

"Want to shoot, sir?" he politely asked of the Frenchman.

"How much is ze shoot?"

"Three shots for ten cents."

"Any prizis for ze bon shoots?"

"Oh, yes; you hit the hat of that Irishman, and get a cigar."

"Oui! Hand ze musket to me!"

The boy handed the musket over. The musket, by the way,



was an air gun, and it held a small pin and feather dart instead of a bullet.

The Frenchman lifted the gun.

He took careful aim.

"Shoot low," mischievously advised Roger.

"Whizz!" and the Frenchman fired.

The dart struck Muldoon in the cheek. He sprang up and uttered a wild yell.

"Be heaven!" he shouted, "show me the sucker that done that!"

Meanwhile the Frenchman had dropped his gun in dismay.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed he, "zat target was alive!"

"Where is the miscreant that attempted to assassinate me in cowl'd blood?" Muldoon shrieked.

The Frenchman rushed forward with all the inherent politeness of his race.

"Pardon—pardon," he begged, bowing and taking off his hat; "it was von very misfortune accident—von gorgeous calamity, in Ingles."

"Did ye shoot a hole into me, ye frog-eater?" demanded Muldoon.

"Oui—oui!"

"Thin ye are a corpse," assured Muldoon, who was still smarting under the wound inflicted by the dart.

Turning quickly, he seized one of the dummy figures.

Lifting it, he struck the astonished Frenchman on the place where he generally sat down, and boosted him away across the shooting-gallery.

"There, ye Coney Island mermaid!" yelled Muldoon; "thry some more av yer funny business on a solid man, will ye?"

The Frenchman got slowly up.

He turned directly to Muldoon.

He put his thumb to his nose and extended his fingers. Then he wriggled the whole collection violently.

"Get out, you flannel-eared Irish pig!" he snapped. "You be von dam fool!"

"I'll paralyze ye!" threatened Muldoon, as he made a bound for him.

The Frenchman dug out lively.

Muldoon followed.

Down the path, across the bushes, through the trees they darted, upsetting baskets, spilling babies, demoralizing loving interviews and astonishing everybody.

A crowd joined in the race.

Bets were freely offered.

"Five to one on the Frenchman!"

"Six to five on the tarrier!"

"Look at Rooney run!"

"See the conundrum fly!"

"It's Muldoon, the masher!"

"Obsarve the poetry av his gait!"

"Stag the size av his fate!"

Thus yelled and jeered the gang behind.

Muldoon never noticed them.

He was bound to catch that Frenchman, and he did so.

An unlucky fall over a beer keg settled the fugitive's doom, and like a shot Muldoon collared him.

"Say your prayers," Muldoon advised.

"Help—help!" yelled his captive.

"Be aisy wid yer mouth now, or I'll put me fut in it. Say yer prayers," repeated Muldoon, as he gave the terrified Gaul a shake that threatened to loosen his teeth.

"Vat for?" stammered he.

"Do yez see yon precipice?"

"Mon Dieu—oui."

"The divil yez say. Will yez spake American, ye pea-green son av a dancing master? Do yez see the precipice?"

"Yes—yes."

"I intind to hurl yez off av it, to furnish the say gulls wid nutriment."

Muldoon meant what he said.

He was mad enough to roast the innocent Frenchman at the stake and enjoy seeing him burn.

He seized the other by the coat collar, and doubtless would have carried out his threat had not O'Malley and Mulcahy interfered.

They told Muldoon that he was the victim of a joke.

At first he did not believe it.

He scolded his friends for interfering, and offered casually to add them to the party who was going over the precipice.

But finally they convinced him that it was so, and that Roger was at the bottom of it all.

"Where is Roger?" he demanded.

"Hid somewhere, I guess," laughed O'Malley.

"It's lucky for him," grimly remarked Muldoon, giving the Frenchman a parting kick.

"Why?" asked Mulcahy.

"Shure, it would have disconcerted the jollity av the party to have carted a corpse back to New York, an' if I lay me

hands on Roger it is probable that the jollity will be disconcerted yet."

"That's all right," smiled O'Malley, as he coaxed his irate brother-in-law away to where the rest of his party sat under a tree, firmly believing that they were having awful fun by so doing.

O'Malley's parental eye missed a familiar form.

"Where's Mary Ann?" he demanded.

Mrs. O'Malley looked uncomfortable.

"She went off wid Denny Burns," she answered.

"Denny Burns that works in the gas house?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. O'Malley," scolded her husband, "have yez no regard for your darter? There she is strollin' around the grove, making love wid a young ruffian that is president av a social club, an' holds up the lamp post on the corner ivery night."

"Denny is good to his mother," pleaded Mrs. O'Malley.

"He ought to be. He only rayceives seventy-five cints a month, an' the ould woman supports him."

"Denny gets three dollars a week."

"There ye go, Mrs. O'Malley. Three dollars a week will enable him to kape a wife, won't it? Kape her in poverty. I have more elevated views for Mary Ann, Mrs. O'Malley."

"You have?"

"Yis; I am preserving her for young Levi O'Brien. He's solid wid the masses, an' 'll be a sinator nixt November. Which way did Mary Ann perambulate?"

"Down by the river."

"Well, I wish she was here."

"I'll go an' fetch her," volunteered Muldoon.

"Good!" O'Malley uttered, "an' if you meet wid that Denny Burns split him in the jaw. Do yez know what he said about you?"

"What?"

"He tould the Widow Halorahan that if ye ever got lost the best way to find you would be to put an advertisement in the paper for a missing gorilla."

"Heaven help the recent young rooster if I sit my optics upon him," muttered Muldoon, starting off in search of the missing pair.

He looked all about the river's side.

No signs of Mary Ann or her objectionable escort.

"Arrah!" exclaimed Muldoon, "they're not here. It is up in the woods they've sthrolled, to sit undher a tree or on an ant heap, wid worms dropping on their heads, an' give aich other taffy about affection."

So he roamed up into the woods back of the dancing platform.

Soon he discovered a couple.

They were sitting on the grass with their backs against a tree, and were apparently deeply interested in the tender passion.

Muldoon gazed at them with distended eyes.

"It's Mary Ann and that sucker av a Burns boy," he softly remarked, "making love wid the blinds up. He's got his arm around her waist, be heavens, an' nixt he will be gum-sucking av her. Muldoon, me boy, ye must interfere."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Muldoon advanced nearer to the loving pair.

They were totally oblivious of his presence.

He stopped and watched them.

"If the spalpeen isn't a-tickling her under the chin, ye can murther me!" he soliloquized in horror; "an' she don't rise up wid indignation an' kick his gums out! Begorra, I be-lave she likes it!"

The lady seemed to.

At least she made no resistance. Nay, she even kissed him back.

Muldoon was horrified.

"The bowld-faced huzzy," cried he; "an' it is Terence Muldoon that has the misfortune to be her uncle, bad cess to the luck!"

He crept up nearer.

The lovers were indulging in that idiotic prattle customarily indulged in by "mashed" couples.

"Does 'oo love 'oor birdie?" queried the fellow.

"Howly heavens!" muttered Muldoon, "it is a fine birdie that yez are. If yez tried to fly, you'd get shot for a giraffe before yez wint tin fate."

"I does. Does 'oo love 'oor 'ittle baby?" interrogatively answered the lady.

"A fine form yez have for a baby; three hundred wid your shoes off. Perhaps it's a baby elephant yez are thinking of," sarcastically Muldoon criticised, stealing silently upon them.

"I 'oves my 'ittle petsey-doodle," replied the male as he gently encircled his darling's waist with his arm.



"Sure?" asked she.

"Es, I 'oves only you."

"You is my pitty-pet?"

"'Es; I'm 'oor sugar-plum."

"Arrah!" growled Muldoon, from behind a tree; "bring me a pail till I throw up. Ye are lunatics."

But they did not seem to be of his opinion.

They molly-coddled and spooned until Muldoon got tired and disgusted. He had seen all of "love—love, beautiful love," of the Dudley's Grove style, that he desired.

"I will descind upon them like a thunderbolt, an' knock the romance completely out av thim."

He crept softly to them.

Seizing each by the head, he violently bumped those appendages together.

"No more av yer Romeo an' Juliet," he ordered. "I'll—"

What he was going to say will never be known.

The gentleman partner in the game of love got up and hit him a crack on the jaw that made his teeth chatter.

"What in the devil do you mean, you flannel-mouthed gorilla, by coming around here and hitting us? I'll kick the infernal ribs out of you!" roared the gentleman, and in order to keep his word, he knocked Muldoon down and kicked him up again.

"Ye are eloping wid my niece," protested Muldoon; "lave me alone or I'll break yez all up, ye curly-headed masher!"

"Go to—" roared the other, placing Muldoon on his back for the second time.

"Hit him, Paddy; slug the Turk!" yelled the young lady.

Muldoon cast a glance at her. For the first time he saw her face.

It was not Mary Ann O'Malley. It was a girl that he had never seen before.

He had struck the wrong couple.

"Hould on!" he cried, attempting to explain.

But they would not have it for a cent. The couple had got their dander up.

They rolled Muldoon down one hill.

And kicked him up another.

And fished him out and tumbled him into a mud puddle.

Then they sat on his stomach, and pummeled him, and crammed dirt into his mouth.

And had a regular prize fight with him, except that he did not have to do any of the fighting.

"Have you got enough, you big-headed Mick?" asked the young lady. "If you ain't, let me know, and I'll get me big brother Mike to finish you."

Muldoon got up.

He had a black eye, a bloody nose and a cut lip. His coat was torn, his hat crushed, and his black doeskin pants had a large ventilation in the rear.

Besides, he was three-quarters dust.

The rest of him was mud.

"Be heavens, I'm all broke up," he moaned, surveying himself.

"Serves you right for disturbing Paddy Quinn, the feather-weight of the Sixth Ward," responded the gentleman who had demoralized him.

"I didn't know yez," said Muldoon.

"Well, you do now. This is Mrs. Quinn, me wife. We got hooked a week ago."

"Shure, I beg your pardon for intruding."

"You needn't. I guess you know now that we didn't wish to see you."

Then Muldoon explained. Mr. Quinn roared with laughter when he heard the real state of the case.

He helped fix Muldoon a little ship-shape, apologized, and asked him to take a drink.

Muldoon accepted.

Several times.

The result was that he left the Quinns firm friends. Furthermore, he had extorted a promise that the first young Quinn which dawned upon the world, whether boy or girl, should be named Muldoon.

When Muldoon reached the tree which formed the citadel and rallying-point of the O'Malleys, the first ones he saw were Denny Burns and Mary Ann.

"Was you looking for us, Uncle Terry?" asked Mary Ann.

"Yes, the next time that I look afther yez it will be wid me coffin undher me arm," growled Muldoon.

"Why, uncle?"

"Write to the dictionary and find out; I'll not enlighten ye."

"You looked mussed up, uncle."

"I have been run over by a whale, ye inquisitive coquette. Who is the sardine ye have wid yez?"

Mary Ann bridled up.

"That is Mr. Burns," said she. "Let me make you acquainted. Mr. Muldoon, Mr. Burns."

"Delighted to see yer," replied Denny Burns, who was a first-class specimen of a real Bowery boy.

"The pleasure is reciprocal," returned Muldoon, at the same time soliloquizing:

"Be jabbers, I could stand by an' smile wid delight to see yez drowned, ye Pleadilly flatterer."

O'Malley and Mulcahy had gone off.

The only individual present beside the three was Mrs. O'Malley.

Mrs. O'Malley was forty-five.

Mrs. O'Malley was hungry.

When a woman gets to be forty-five and feels hungry, she, as a general thing, don't die of starvation without folks knowing of it.

"Mary Ann," said she, "I am hungry."

"So am I," promptly seconded Muldoon. "Begorra, I could ate a brick house wid a back plazzy."

"I feel sort of hungry myself," confessed Mary Ann. In reality she was hungry enough to chew a ton of railroad iron, but she wasn't going to let Denny Burns know it.

So Mrs. O'Malley proposed lunch.

"Shall we spread a tablecloth on the grass?" asked Mary Ann.

"An' have the grasshoppers a-promenading on top av the butter, an' a divil av a cankerworm bathing in the tay," growled Muldoon. "Mary Ann, have ye no feeling for me imagination?"

"What shall we do then?"

"Banquet on a table."

"There's no table here, uncle."

"Buy one, ye pussy."

"Terry, will ye spake sinse?" entreated Mrs. O'Malley. "There are no tables here. Do you suppose that any crack-brained fool would set up a furniture store in a picnic grove?"

"I will find a table or die!" declaimed Muldoon.

"Will yez see that me grave is kept green?" he added humorously.

Denny said that he would. He said that he would come around every Saturday night and plant it for Sunday, if necessary.

Muldoon started off to the hotel, or the shanty which was dignified by that appellation.

There he succeeded in getting a table.

At least the man who owned it labored under the belief that it was.

But it looked more like a stepladder or a soap-box on stilts.

Muldoon, though, was contented.

He carried it off in triumph.

"Arrah, it takes the Solid Man for a necessititious case," he triumphantly exclaimed. "Put Terence Muldoon down on a desecrayed island an' be gob he'd find a pianny in five seconds."

His relations saw him coming and saluted him with laughter.

"It's a Chinese fiddle he has in his arms," said Mrs. O'Malley.

"No, it's a Hoboken spittoon," laughed Denny.

"It's a tent for us to slape under," suggested Mary Ann.

"Here is your table," panted Muldoon, setting it down.

"Do ye call it a table?" asked his sister.

"No, it's a cuttle-fish, stuffed," sarcastically retorted Muldoon.

"Where did yez get it?"

"I found it as a prize."

"What in?"

"A barrel of chewing gum, Mrs. Fresh. Have ye the provisions at hand?"

As you know, Muldoon had spilled one basket of lunch before he got onto the boat.

But they had another basket, and Denny Burns had a big one, so that there was no lack of fodder.

Mary Ann spread a tablecloth on the rickety old table; she liked to do it because it showed off her diamond ring.

Then the victuals were all arranged temptingly upon the cloth by the ladies, with Muldoon's assistance. (Muldoon's assistance, by the way, consisted in breaking two plates, sitting down on a sponge-cake and upsetting the vinegar on the apple pie.)

Denny Burns, having procured two benches by the easy method of knocking off the family of small children who were occupying them, the crowd sat down to the repast.

The first thing that Muldoon ate was an apple.

A seed got stranded in his back tooth.

It gave him the toothache.

Muldoon, with the toothache, was about as agreeable a companion as a bull with a boil on his hind quarters.

He commenced growling at the lunch.

"Where did yez get the Peruvian paving stones?" he queried.



"What are they?" asked Mrs. O'Malley.

"These biscuits. Begorra, they're hard enough to play baseball wid. Yez betther tie the butter fast, Mrs. O'Malley."

"Why?"

"It's so sthrong that if it iver gets loose it will paralyze ye. An' I say, Mrs. O'Malley?"

"What, Terry?"

"Take off yer hat to the cheese."

"Why should I?"

"Be jabbers, its age should command yer respect."

"People that eat other folks' victuals had not ought to growl," remarked Mary Ann.

"An' fresh young leddies that eat av a jintleman's table should know betther than to indulge in back talk," retorted Muldoon.

"Be aisy," entreated Mrs. O'Malley.

Muldoon did not make any sarcastic reply.

He jumped up as if he had been shot.

"Be heavens!" he yelled, kicking the table and dishes in all directions, "there's a bee up me leg!"

"A bee?" vociferated everybody.

"Yes, a bee!" roared Muldoon; "do yez suppose it is a canary bird? Howly Moses, it is biting me leg off!"

He jumped up and down like a maniac.

Anybody who chanced to see him would imagine that he was a new sort of jumping-jack, just let loose.

"Kill the bloody bee!" he cried.

"How?" asked Denny Burns, choking with laughter.

"Hit him!"

"What with?"

"A crowbar—a rock—anything. Oh, ye stony-hearted gorilla, I belave ye deloight in seeing me expire."

Denny ran off and got a good big stick.

"Where'll I hit?" inquired he of Muldoon, who was dancing around, swearing and praying at one and the same time.

"Hit above the calve," replied he.

"But maybe I'll break your leg."

"To the divil wid me leg. Hurry up, you sucker, or it will be a could corpse yez will be taking home."

Denny Burns owed Muldoon one.

He saw a good chance of getting square.

He hauled off, swung the stick and gave Muldoon's leg a solid old crack.

Muldoon yelled with pain.

"Ye Cow Bay murderher!" cried he, "ye have sprained me calve. Hand me a brick!"

"What for?"

"Till I break your head. Och, St. Patrick save me—that bee is still alive."

"Slap him, Terry," suggested Mrs. O'Malley.

Muldoon replied by shying half a brick at her.

"Ye're an idiotic ould woman. I've slapped him sixty times already. Why don't yez ax me to slaughter a buffalo wid a rdazor? Tare and blazes, the bee is ascending heavenwards!"

"Shake him out," laughed Mary Ann.

Mary Ann got a custard pie in her face for her trouble.

"I'll kill you if you don't shut up!" threatened her half-wild uncle.

"Why don't I shake him out? Why don't ye comb your hair wid a pitchfork, ye hussy? Whoop, I'm a dead man!"

"I don't know what to do," helplessly admitted Denny.

"Av coorse not; ye have the intellect av a shark," sneered Muldoon; "be gob, I have it!"

"The bee?"

"No."

"What then?"

"An idea."

"What is it?"

"I'll take off me pants."

"There are leddies present," blushed Denny.

"Kick them out, then. Arrah, that pirate av a bee has got to me abdomen!"

The ladies readily accepted the hint. With red faces and handkerchiefs stuffed into their mouths, Mrs. O'Malley and her buxom daughter retreated.

Then Denny helped Muldoon off with his pants.

What was disclosed?

Nothing but a fearfully frightened and apologetic-looking caterpillar.

"Where's the bee!" Muldoon demanded.

"There wasn't any," replied Denny.

"No bee?"

"Nixey bee."

"Nothing but that ugly son av a bug caterpillar?"

"That's all."

Muldoon scratched his head.

"I could have sworn that there was a buccaneer av a bee up me leg," he muttered.

Then he looked at the caterpillar.

"Begorra, I have the solution to the mystery forninst me!" exclaimed he.

"What is it?" Denny asked.

"The caterpillar swallowed the bee! It's a gigantic intellect that the Muldoons have, Misther Burns."

Denny Burns said he thought so, and Muldoon was happy. Presently the ladies returned.

Mr. O'Malley, Mulcahy and the Widow Halorahan were with them.

After the bee story had been repeated several times to everybody's satisfaction, lunch was resumed.

But Muldoon's tooth troubled him.

It obstinately persisted in aching.

Of course he was furious.

"I shall go wild wid anguish," he exclaimed, "if this tooth don't stop."

It didn't stop.

On the contrary, it ached harder and harder.

"Put some creosote into it," advised Mary Ann.

"Do yez suppose that there is a creosote shop along wid the picnic, Mary Ann?"

"Try oil of cloves."

"Oil av the devil. Perhaps yez have a flagon av it in your pocket?"

"Laudanum."

"Ye're giving me taffy. Who's got any laudanum concealed beyant them? Is it customary, ye striped-stocking lunatic, for dacent people to bring a chemistry along wid thim whin they go on a picnic?" requested Muldoon.

Various other remedies, most of them ironical, were offered for his selection.

O'Malley suggested that he lie down on the track with his head on a rail and wait for a train to come along.

Mulcahy thought that it would be best to build a bonfire around the tooth and burn it out.

Denny Burns had an idea that some gun cotton dexterously inserted into the tooth and fired off would probably stop the aching.

Muldoon gave a deaf ear to them all.

He roared and yelled in his usual gentle way and finally protested that he intended to have the tooth pulled.

"Ye will want a big rope, with a jackass for the pulling power," laughed Mrs. O'Malley.

"Then git on the rope yerself, ye fresh ould daisy," Muldoon retorted; "this tooth is doomed."

"How are you going to get it out?" asked Roger O'Malley, who had returned in triumph and a bloody nose from a fight with a red-headed boy.

"Dommed if I know."

"I'll tell you a bully way."

"Out with it."

"You take a pistol—"

"What do I want av a pistol—"

"Who's telling this—me or you?"

"Both av us; go ahead."

"You take a pistol—"

"That's two pistols. Kape on, an' I'll be takin' a batthery."

"Darned if I'll tell you any more!" said Roger, sulkily; "that tooth can ache your old head off an' I'll stand in with it. You're always getting recent."

"Am I not your uncle?" shouted the Solid Man.

"Yes, but I couldn't help it," admitted Roger.

"Thin trate me with indignity an' respect or I'll pulverize ivery sinew in your corposity! Continue with the pistol story."

"Go ahead, Roger," ordered his father, sternly.

So Roger had to continue. But only the joke in prospect made him, for the boy could be as stubborn as a mule if he wanted to.

"You get a pistol," began he, for the third time, "an' a bullet an' a good stout string."

"Yis," assented Muldoon.

"You tie the end of the string to the tooth."

"Continue."

"And the other end to the bullet. Then you put the bullet into the pistol, shoot it off—whizz goes the bullet, out goes the tooth. Just as easy as rolling shot off a shovel."

"Yes, but the most part av yer head goes in company wid yer tooth, don't it?" asked Muldoon.

"Of course you've got to keep your mouth open," grinned Roger.

"Why?"

"Because the tooth is generally in a dreadful hurry to get out, and is apt to elope with your lip if you don't."

"Then there is no danger if you keep your mouth open?"

"No," assured Roger.

"It's so simple—the swate simplicity av the daysign is its elegance," Muldoon remarked.

The others coincided.



"Who carries a pop?" he asked.

Nobody did, but Roger offered to procure a pistol of a friend. He did.

It was one of those big pistols that carry a ball as big as a Dutch cheese and kick about as bad as an army mule.

"Begorra, that pistol is big enough to pull out a lung," cried Muldoon in dismay. "Where is your string?"

Roger produced one.

He called it a string, but it had the general appearance of a small rope.

"Do yez think that me tooth is nailed in me gums?" asked Muldoon in fine sarcasm.

"Why?" said Roger.

"That string is entirely too small. Yez should have perambulated over to the East River Bridge, and borrowed a cable."

"Never mind," laughed Roger as he affixed one end of the string firmly to the bullet and loaded the pistol with it.

"Now let me tie the rope to your acher, and we'll be all ready," he continued.

Muldoon assented.

Of course Roger had a hard time trying that tooth.

Muldoon indicated about twelve different ivories as the one that pained him and swore fiercely at Roger if he tied a tooth fast and swore worse at him if he didn't.

But, by and by, Roger hit onto the offender, as he thought.

He secured it and cocked the pistol.

"Got your trunk checked for heaven?" he asked.

"Go to the divil, will yez—are ye ready?"

"Yes."

"Thin blaze away and heaven perfect me."

Roger blazed.

The old pistol kicked him on his back. When he got up he looked at Muldoon.

That solid man was dancing up and down with both hands on his cheek, howling and cursing like a maniac. His face was all blood and bits of tooth.

"Roger O'Malley," shouted he, "kape away—kape away, or I'll slay you wid a dirk!"

"What's the matter?" Roger asked.

"Yez have broke me jaw and broke me tonsils; but worse than that, Roger O'Malley, be heavens, yez have pulled the wrong tooth!" groaned Muldoon.

## CHAPTER V.

You will remember the predicament in which we left Muldoon.

Mad was not the name for it.

He was furious, and he prayed to be allowed to start a cemetery right off with Roger.

But Roger earnestly protested that he could not help it and truthfully remarked that the pistol had nearly blown his head off.

"Begorra, it's a darty shame that it didn't blow ye're head off!" groaned Muldoon; "shure me gums are all broke up an' I'll have to get a new set of teeth to masticate wid."

"But it stopped your tooth aching, didn't it?" laughed Denny Burns.

"Yis."

"Then what are you growling about?"

"The remedy is worse than the cure. It is like cutting a man's head off to cure a stiff neck. To the divil wid yez picnics, anyhow!" Muldoon complained.

"Haven't you had a good time?" Mary Ann asked.

"Oh, highly iligant an' plazing. But I want to git run over by an ash-cart or strucked by a tornado in ordher to enjoy meself complately."

Everybody laughed and Muldoon felt better.

But he howled for arnica, succeeded in obtaining vinegar. Roger telling him that it was exactly as good for medicinal purposes as arnica, tied up his jaw in it and looked as much like an Irish mummy as it was possible for any one to look.

After a few bottles of lager, just to counteract the effects of the sun, and a round of cigars, somebody proposed a row on the Hudson.

"Can you row, Terry?" asked his sister.

"Like the divil," promptly returned Muldoon.

"I suppose ye row wid agillity, Mr. Muldoon?" said the Widow Halorahan.

"No, ma'am. I row wid me hands. None av your patent inventions for me," answered the Solid Man. "Would yez like to accompany me, Mrs. Halorahan?"

The widow would be delighted.

She said that she loved rowing.

She would often get up at midnight and sit on her trunk and imagine herself rowing over the surface of the vasty deep.

But, as she explained, she did not like to trust herself out with everybody.

Boys were so apt to be careless, so apt to spill her into the water, or accidentally hit her on the head with an oar or upset the boat, that she did not like to trust herself with them.

A gentleman—like Muldoon, and a good rower—like Muldoon, was the one she panted to go with.

Muldoon swallowed the taffy.

He offered her his arm, and the pair went down to the dock.

A red-headed young man with a boil on his neck had charge of a lot of boats.

"Do you want a boat?" he yelled at Muldoon.

"Have yez an out-rigged yacht wid fork oars and a flag at the taffrail?" pompously asked Muldoon, desirous of showing off his nautical vocabulary.

The owner of the boats looked at him with awe.

"Mebbe you'd like a canal boat with a steam hoss," he suggested.

"Be Heavens, ye are wrong! I want a centerboard sloop wid iron rowlocks an' a cuspidor inside."

"Got just the boat you want, sir."

"Has it a Brussels carpet forninst the hind ind?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' a monnygram awning to pertect this fairy blonde wid me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thin wheel it out."

The boy complied.

In a few moments he had quite a respectable-appearing boat around to the dock.

Muldoon got in with the easy grace of a hippopotamus.

"Haden't I better get you an ironclad?" sarcastically suggested Roger, who had come down to see the couple depart.

"None av yer lip," replied Muldoon, "or I'll chastise ye wid the rudder!"

"Can I go along?"

"Go where?"

"Rowing with you."

"It's a fine pill you'd make in a rowboat."

"I won't bother. I'll be as good as an angel."

"An angel wid horns an' a tail. No, sir, yez cannot go!"

"Arrah, let the bye go," pleaded Mrs. Halorahan.

"The voice av beauty always is obeyed by me," gallantly said Muldoon. "Roger, yez can go, but none av yer Sunday-school tricks, or I'll feed you to the sharks."

Roger got into the boat, and the widow followed.

Muldoon picked up the oars.

At the same time Roger, who had got into the boat's bow, slyly dropped the anchor.

Muldoon settled himself into his seat.

He was going to yank that old craft along until it set the water on fire with friction.

He braced his feet, placed his oars in the water and gave a good pull.

The boat did not move.

He tried it again.

No better success.

"I say, young fellow," he yelled at the boy who owned the yacht, "lind me a stame engine."

"What for?" came the response.

"To agitate this ould raft along."

"What's the matter?"

"It won't go."

"A kid could row it," retorted the boy; "take iron, you old tarrier."

"What in St. Patrick will I take iron for?" asked Muldoon.

"To get your muscle up. Pull for the shore, Rooney."

Muldoon bent to the oars.

"I will pull for the shore!" he cried. "Heaven help yez whin I arrive. Yer playmates will be axing for a holiday to help carry your coffin."

"Yah, put ice on your head to keep your brains in!" yelled the boy.

Meanwhile Muldoon pulled.

It was no good.

He could not advance an inch any way at all. All that the boat would do was to swing around.

The widow got tired of the fun.

"Yez will bust a blood-vessel if you go so fast, Misther Muldoon," she ironically said.

"He's weak," explained Roger, in a loud whisper.

"Weak?" repeated the widow.

"Yes, he's been taking chalk and water to clear his complexion, an' it's telling on him. He's a regular fop, widow."

"Yez don't mean it."

"Honest. Sleeps with kid gloves on his hands, paints his eyebrows, and he's going to buy a white hat with 'Baby' printed on it. He's going to—"



Roger's disclosures were suddenly ended by Muldoon patting him on the head.

Muldoon did it with an oar, and Roger realized, as his head suddenly swelled up, that it is not always best to be too fresh.

By this time quite a crowd had collected on the dock and were enjoying Muldoon's frantic attempts to move the boat.

They assisted him.

By advice.

In the following style:

"Get a derrick!"

"Hitch a mule in front!"

"Hire a whale to tow you!"

"Put up your shirt for a sail!"

"Let the red-headed daisy w'ats in wid yer git out an' push!"

This last remark drove Mrs. Halorahan wild.

"Muldoon!" yelled she, "have yez not the feelings av a man?"

"Yes," promptly answered Muldoon.

"Thin I desire yez to accelerate your progress to the dock an' paralyze the spalpeens that are giving us the laugh."

Muldoon put a terrific muscle into his oar.

"Go in, old man!" roared the gang on the dock, greatly delighted.

The consequence was that he caught a crab and fell all of a bunch on the widow.

She gave a scream and jumped up. The boat careened to one side, trembled, and over it went.

"Begorra!" yelled Muldoon, as the water poured in, "I'm drowned."

"Help—help!" roared the widow, who knew something about swimming, and was floundering away in the water.

As for Roger O'Malley, he swam like a duck to the dock.

Several who saw the mishap procured a boat and rescued Muldoon and his lady.

One of them looked at the overturned craft.

"You darned old flannel-mouth," he said to Muldoon, "how in the devil did you expect to row that boat when it was anchored?"

Muldoon looked at the yacht.

Sure enough, it was anchored.

Have any of my readers ever observed how mad a red-headed blonde gets when somebody tells her that her baby is cross-eyed?

Have they ever seen how furious a bull gets when somebody plumps a quart or so of salt into his hind-quarters by aid of a shotgun?

Well, Muldoon was about sixteen times more mad.

He suspected Roger at once, and prayed to be allowed to bathe in that young imp's blood.

When he got ashore and partially dried, he started on a killing expedition.

The object of which was Roger.

But Roger kept out of the way, and Muldoon did not see him at all till they got home.

Consequently Muldoon did not get a chance to turn the grove into a slaughter-house.

Pretty soon the excursionists started for home.

Muldoon was completely subdued.

He sat in the shade by the pilot-house, and even when a drunken man kicked off his hat and jumped on it he made no move.

He was all "broke up."

When they arrived home he took O'Malley into his bedroom.

And he pulled out from the leg of his pants a sword as long as his arm.

"Do yez perceive this cutlass?" demanded he.

"Av coorse," answered O'Malley.

"Do yez think it will butcher?"

"It moight."

"Can you anticipate its use?"

"Is it to pare your corns wid that ye have purchased it?"

"No, sir; I use a bayonet for that. Patrick O'Malley, remember, I have purchased this cimeter, begob, to blow out the brains av the nixt sucker that axes me to go on another picnic; do yez moind?"

O'Malley laughed and went downstairs, while Muldoon hung the weapon up on the wall with many a muttered threat.

For a few days afterward nothing of especial interest occurred in the fortunes of the Solid Man.

He spent his time in getting used to the city, and as Roger was away on a visit to a schoolboy friend, he got a little peace.

One night at the supper-table Mrs. O'Malley asked:

"Did you ever see a play, Muldoon?"

"A what?" queried Muldoon.

"A drama?"

"Tell me who it is an' yez can take it."

"I mane were ye iver to a thayater?"

"Niver."

"Would yez like to go to-night?"

"Yez are shouting. Begorra, as I came along the strate I saw a sign an' a woman wid barely nothing upon her, an' it said: 'The Paralyzed Blondes this evening at the Liberty Opera House.' Shall we go there?"

"No," replied O'Malley, while his wife chided:

"For shame, Terry!"

"We will take in a legitimate show. Do yez want to come and see the 'Bold Buccaneer of Harlem Flat?'"

Muldoon said "Yes."

So after supper he, the O'Malleys, and the Widow Halorahan went to an uptown theatre.

Mr. O'Malley took a private box, one opening right on the stage.

Muldoon sat in front, and a comical sight he was in full dress.

There was a large gallery gang present that evening.

They saw Muldoon long before the curtain rose.

"Look at the tarrier in the box!" yelled one.

"Stag the Peruvian eagle!" shouted a second.

"It's celluloid; touch a match to it and see it burn," remarked a third.

"It's a Dublin gorilla," a fourth howled.

Muldoon took the compliments in good part.

He got up and bowed very politely.

"Arrah, I am solid wid the masses," he remarked, in a pleased tone to O'Malley; "the gang all know me."

They seemed to, for they did not give him any rest till the curtain rose.

Then they quieted and settled down to watch the drama. It was an old-fashioned one.

A regular conglomeration of murder, fire, blood, villains, stabbing, and gore generally.

Muldoon was intensely interested.

Especially when the lovely heroine came on.

"Ain't she a daisy?" he tenderly said to Mary Ann O'Malley.

Miss Mary Ann turned up her nose.

She had been to the theatre before.

The stage had lost all of its illusion for her.

"That woman is forty-five, she's got a big mouth, freckled face, and a red-headed husband that comes home blind drunk and clubs her with a whisky bottle."

"Who does?" asked Muldoon.

"Her husband."

"Whose husband?"

"That woman you are admiring."

"Do yez mane to convey the supposition, Mary Ann O'Malley, that that purty crathur wid the pale cheeks and golden hair is married?"

"Yes."

"Yez are jealous av her, ye coquette. Oh, murdher!"

"What's the matter, Muldoon?" asked O'Malley, who was enjoying the astonishment of Muldoon immensely.

"See this bloody Turk wid the big hat an' his grandfather's boots. Let's get out av here."

"Why?"

"He's bad!"

"What of it?"

"He carries a razor. Begob, if we don't go home, he'll kill us."

Just then the lovely heroine perceived the "bloody Turk." Said "bloody Turk" was the heavy villain of the piece.

At his approach the lovely heroine screamed and fled.

The H. V. scowled, stamped his foot, shook his fist at her departing figure and commenced a speech.

"For years I have been on your track," he declaimed, "and I am bound to slay you."

"Holy Heaven defend us," muttered Muldoon.

"And," continued the H. V., "I will not rest till I feed on your bones."

"Give him pie, the cannibal!" roared Muldoon.

"I have murdered her father."

"Sind for the perlice!"

"I have assassinated her mother."

"Bad cess to ye for a darty coward!"

"I have reduced her house to ashes."

"Ah, ye Rockaway fire-bug!"

"And I will dip my dagger into her blood!"

Muldoon stood up in the box.

He was greatly excited.

"Me kingdom for a cannon! tin cints for a pistol!" howled he, "till I shoot this damned villain!"

The audience applauded.

Most of them were paying more attention to Muldoon than they were to the play.

Mrs. O'Malley pulled his collar.



"Sit down, you greenhorn!" she entreated, while O'Malley lay back in the box and laughed himself hoarse.

"Do yez wish to see murther committed?" asked Muldoon.

"No," replied his sister.

"Thin lave go at me neck-band, an' hand me a stool. I'll knock the divil's ugly nose into his brain. Kill the purty colleen, will he?"

"He don't mane it, Terry."

"But he said so."

"It's all in the play."

"Ain't it rale?"

"Of course not."

Muldoon sank back and wiped his brow with his bandanna. "Go ahead wid yez acting," he said, in a slightly abashed tone of voice. "I thought ye was in earnestness."

The play went on.

Muldoon followed it with intense eagerness.

He was worse than a small boy at his first circus.

When anybody got murdered Muldoon shouted with fear. When anybody wept Muldoon helped them, and when the low comedian got off a funny gag, Muldoon laughed till he could be heard for a block.

But the heavy villain was his especial aversion.

He shook his fist vigorously at him, and wanted to climb out of the box and kick him every five minutes.

"If I had ye outside, ye duck-legged rapparee, I'd scalp you!" he threatened.

At last came a very affecting situation.

The lovely heroine crept on to the stage. She made a very affecting speech. She had not had anything to eat for six years, her back hair had got loose, and she did not have five cents to buy a bed with for the night.

Therefore she considered that it would be a good thing to kneel down and pray to her dead father to see if he couldn't assist her somehow or other.

She knelt.

She prayed—to slow music.

Suddenly the heavy villain came creeping in.

He was artistically disguised in a big hat, and carried a knife.

Muldoon perceived him.

His heart trembled for the praying girl.

"Cheese it, sis!" he yelled.

The heroine did not move.

She kept on praying.

Muldoon got up from his seat.

"Skip, ye daisy! There's that son av a gun wid the knife behind ye!" he yelled.

Still the play went on.

The lovely heroine prayed all the faster, and the H. V. continued to creep with the race-horse speed of a rooster with corns.

"He'll stick you like a pig!" howled Muldoon—"he'll stab ye to the liver! Jump, or you're a dead woman!"

"Oh, shut up!" cried somebody from the orchestra chairs.

"Ye cold-hearted cur, I belave you're in wid the sucker wid the knife!" indignantly responded Muldoon.

A roar of laughter from the house greeted his sally.

It only made him more indignant.

"Are none of yez man enough to paste that baste wid the big hat in the mug?" asked he.

"Do it yourself," advised a voice.

"I will if he touches her. Bedad, I'll stand here and see fair play," and Muldoon planted himself firmly at the end of the box.

The H. V. had finally done as much creeping as he could.

Muldoon's blood boiled.

"Hands off!" he commanded.

Mr. O'Malley seized him by the coat-tails.

"Sit down, Terry, an' don't give it away that you are green," pleaded he.

He tried to shake him off.

"Will yez return to the rear av the box, an' put your head in the spittoon, Mr. Fresh?" he sarcastically remarked; "ye are too recent!"

At that moment the lovely heroine pulled out a dagger.

"Touch me, and you die!" she shrieked.

"Bully for ye!" applauded Muldoon. "Stick him in the ribs wid it, an' I'll sware yez were momentarily insane when yez did it!"

Then ensued a lively struggle around the stage.

Ninety pounds of lovely heroine and a dagger not much bigger than a needle kept two hundred pounds of heavy villain and a knife the size of a small telegraph pole at bay for fifteen minutes.

At last might conquered.

The H. V. got the L. H. down on her knees.

He raised his blade aloft.

"Ha—ha! Clorinda, I have you now. In a second I will sheathe this glittering blade in your heart!" he hissed.

That was enough for Muldoon.

"Lave go av me coat-tails!" he ordered of Mr. O'Malley.

"Be aisy," he urged, clinging tighter to them.

"Will no one save me?" despairingly shrieked the lovely heroine.

"Be Heaven, I will!" answered Muldoon, jumping from the box out on the stage.

Mr. O'Malley hung on to his coat-tails with a grip like death.

Rip—rip!

Muldoon leaped forward, and Mr. O'Malley performed a very undignified back-tumble, the severed coat-tails in his hands.

Like a shot Muldoon dashed at the heavy villain.

"Drop the daisy, ye Tenth Ward slugger!" he cried, as he struck vigorously out with his right hand.

Over went the actor and actress all in a heap. But the stricken man was up in an instant.

He returned Muldoon's blow with interest.

Muldoon got a beautiful punch in the jaw that made him realize that the heavy villain was no shell-fish.

"Arrah, begorra!" roared Muldoon, taking off his coat, "do yez have the audacity to lay your blaggard paws on Terence Muldoon? Hiven help yez, ye bloodthirsty cockroach, it is food for a funeral that I will make av yez!"

## CHAPTER VI.

We left Muldoon on the stage at the theatre struggling with the heavy villain.

It was nip and tuck.

First Muldoon would have the H. V. down, and then the H. V. would have Muldoon down.

The gallery took a decided interest in the contest.

They encouraged the contestants audibly.

"Go it, you flannel-mouth!" yelled a partisan of Muldoon.

"Slug him, boots!" howled a friend of the H. V.

"Get him down and jump on him!"

"Hit the gorilla!"

"Paste him, Muldoon!"

"Kick the stuffing out of the terrier!"

"Give him Dublin Bay!"

Such were the cries that resounded through the theatre.

Out came the stage manager.

He attempted to separate the prize-fighters.

But after he got two black eyes, a bloody nose and a kick in his stomach, he changed his mind.

"Send for the police," he whispered to the call-boy.

Two guardians of the peace soon arrived through the stage-door and walked upon the stage.

"Arrest the lunatic," said the stage manager, pointing to Muldoon.

One of the peelers advanced.

He laid his hand on Muldoon's shoulder.

"Take yer dirty paw off av me, ye gilt-buttoned ape, or I'll break yer neck!" he ordered.

"I arrest you," said the peeler.

"What for?"

"Assault and battery."

"Who on?"

"That gentleman there."

"Do yez mane that scarecrow wid the big boots an' the bad eye that was going to stick the purty colleen wid a razor?"

"Yes."

"Do yez call him a man? Begorra, I could make a better man out of a meal-bag stuffed wid straw!"

"Come along!" roughly ordered the officer.

Muldoon didn't see it.

Thinking that perhaps the officer might be tired, he politely knocked him down.

And in order that he should not want for company he knocked the other officer on top of him.

"Be Heavens!" he yelled, "there is the ind av your perlice force now. Sind for the sogers!"

Just then O'Malley came climbing out of the box.

He caught Muldoon by the collar and yanked him off the stage.

"Get out of this, you greenhorn, or you'll get pulled sure," he cautioned, as he got Muldoon back into the box, and jammed his hat on his head.

"Show me the sucker that would pull me an' I'll make him vomit!" shouted Muldoon.

"You'll get locked up."

"Nobody dares to do it—I'm a solid man."

"You'll get six months."

"Bedad, the gang would shoot the recorder an' burn up the coort entirely if I did!"



O'Malley lost all patience with his brother-in-law. He got him by the shoulder and literally bounced him out into the street. Then they got a carriage and rode home.

The episode got into the papers. Soon all New York rang with it. Muldoon was a hero. He could not appear on the street without receiving a shout from the boys around, which pleased him vastly, and made him imagine himself to be a very big man.

"Muldoon," said O'Malley, one fine evening, "I have two tickets for the circus."

"An' what is that?"

"It's a place where yez behold the trained horses an' elegant riders, an' fine girls."

"Arrah, I saw a chromo av it this morning."

"Yez did?"

"Av coorse. It was stuck up on a fence, and it represented a young leddy on top av a blue horse a-slinging av herself through the cover av a band-box—was that it?"

"Yes; would yez like to go?"

"Would a duck like a nate, convaynient pond to swim in?" So it was settled.

And, for a wonder Muldoon offered to take Roger.

"Roger, me bye," said he.

"Yes, sir," cheerfully answered Roger.

"Would ye like to accompany me to the circus to gaze at yer brother monkeys?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, ye may pedestrianate wid me, but I say, Roger."

"Yes, sir."

"No tricks on your flesh an' blood, or your mother had better be trading off some ould rags and bottles for a coffin about your size."

Roger promised faithfully that he would be as good as pie, and the pair started, Muldoon having taken extraordinary care with his toilet.

"Yez see that young daisy on the horse that I saw on the fence? Mebbe then an' it's mashed she is if she looks at Terence Muldoon. It's a coquette he is."

Roger nodded a laughing "yes," and off they went.

The circus was pitched in a tent near Central Park.

The usual motley gang of loafers and idle boys who had not got money sufficient to get in, surrounded it.

They greeted Muldoon warmly. He had a way of always getting welcomed wherever he went.

"Hi, Billy, here comes Mike McGlory, the greasy Roman wrestler," sung out one imp.

"It's a baboon from the Hook," called out somebody else.

"Would yez stag the hat?"

"Sure his pants are cut with a bow-legged saw."

"If he puts down his foot he'll crush us."

"He's got to climb onto the top of his collar to see the back of his neck."

"He ain't got any head—it's only a pimple."

This last insult got Muldoon off his nut. He made a wild charge into the crowd.

He only caught one boy.

A little Dutch urchin whose head Muldoon banged unmercifully against a post.

"There, ye son-av-a-Dutch-bakery!" he yelled, as he flung the boy away. "Git into a tub wid a pickle an' some cabbage, and it is good sourkraut ye'd make."

Just then a woman arrived upon the scene.

She was red-headed, red-armed, had big feet and bigger arms. She wasn't one of these women that would pine away and die if anybody hit her.

Not much—she'd get right up and swell their heads with a flat-iron until they couldn't put their hats on.

"Vere vos my Shakey?" she entreated.

"Is he a velocipede or an educated crocodile, ma'am?" asked Muldoon.

"He vos a poy."

"What kind av a bye?"

"A goot poy, with a red head und a plack eye."

Muldoon recognized the description.

"I can tell yez where your Jakey is," he observed.

"Where?"

"Yez will need a capacious basket to carry him home in."

"Vhy?"

"He was all broke up, be Heavens!"

"Mine Gott, Shakey all broke oud!"

"Yez are not a prevarication. Yez had better pick him up right away. There is a shower coming on and part av him may get washed away."

"Oh, Shakey—my Shakey!" cried the woman.

"Here I vos, mudder," responded a feeble voice, and Shakey, the young gentleman whom Muldoon had used for an Indian club, appeared, looking like a little tin-type of misery.

His mother snatched him up in a second.

"Shakey, you leedle villain," she yelled, "vot haf you peen doing. You vos got runned on top by a car-horse."

"Nein, mudder," sighed the boy.

"You vos got felled over your head by a telegraph pole?"

"Nein, mudder!"

"You toldt some oder poy dat his mudder was a liar an' he has toldt you dot it vos not so mit a brick?"

"Nein, mudder!"

"Den vot vos id?"

Shakey pointed to Muldoon.

"Dot cross-eyed Irisher glubbed me mit his fists because some pad poy called him names," he replied.

The old woman was up on her backbone in a twinkling.

"Did you hit my poy?" he demanded.

"Begorra, if I had hit him you'd niver seen him again," promptly responded Muldoon.

"Vot did you do?"

"I blew on him, and the wind carried him away. If yez desire to know any more, write it down on a postal-card, an' ax the postmaster."

"Vot did you do it for?"

"Do yez know me name, woman?"

"Nein."

"I am Terence Muldoon, the Solid Man. That bye av yours insulted me, an' I reproved nim wid me fist."

"You did?"

"Buy a directory an' ascertain, ye perlite grampus."

"Den," yelled the woman, putting her arms akimbo, and facing Muldoon, "you vos a grossen son of a gun; you vos a kleiner shark mit red-headed vhiskers; you vos a Got for dam Irish snoozer, mit a hump-pack; you vos a nix fuststay vot-vos-id, mid a —"

"Begorra, howld the woman; she'll rupture a blood-vessel!" yelled Muldoon; "will somebody purchase a phonograph, so that she can articulate wid more rapidity?"

"You vos a shyster-fool!" howled his enemy.

"The divil yez say! Bedad; I always suspected it."

"You vos a ugly loafer!"

"Ye are givin' me taffy, ye gypsy flatterer."

"You vos a puppy cat!"

"Will yez write it down, so that I can remember it?" laughed Muldoon.

But he soon found that it was no laughing matter.

She had exhausted all of her stock of epithets.

She had another resource, though. Her finger-nails.

Like an enraged tigress, or a jealous Maria cat, she sprang at him.

She went for him lively. She pulled his whiskers, and scratched his nose, and drew ground plans of puzzle-columns all over his handsome face until it looked like a wooden barn struck by lightning.

In vain he resisted. She yanked him around like a cotton man.

And Shakey helped. Or rather he wanted to help.

But Roger took a hand, and in about three minutes the little German had a nose onto him like a prize beet, and didn't feel a bit like hitting anybody—not even a canary.

Finally the enraged lady let Muldoon go, snatched up Shakey, and departed like a satisfied avenger.

Muldoon was a sweet sight.

He ought to have been framed and hung up as a sign for a hospital.

"Howly Heavens!" he sighed, as he wiped the blood off of his face. "Roger, buy me a rope."

"What for?" asked Roger.

"I want to go drown meself."

"Why?"

"I have been licked by a bloody faymale foreigner."

"You're right there."

"An' I can niver forgive meself. If she had been a man, it is a cowl corpse that she would have been by this time. But a faymale! A Muldoon will niver raise his hand against a woman, Roger!"

Somewhat consoled by this reflection, Muldoon allowed Roger to make him presentable. That is to say, after the operation was over Muldoon appeared less like a battle-field than he did previously.

Then they proceeded into the circus, Muldoon only stopping to squabble with the ticket-taker on account of the latter refusing to accept a child's ticket for Roger's admission.

One inside they took reserved seats. Hardly had they got seated before a female voice cried out:

"Misther Muldoon!"

He looked around.

Right next to him was the Widow Halorahan under the escort of Mr. Cornelius Mulcahy.

"It's the widdy," muttered Muldoon. "Roger, see what it is to be a pet av the daisies. Yez can't go out for an evening's raycreation widout being collared by the girls."



"Misther Muldoon," repeated the widow, "what ails your face?"

"I have the inflammatory chilblains," blushed Muldoon.

"Have yez it bad?"

"Sanguinary, ma'am."

"Will yez have me fan to cool the atmosphere av your brow?"

Muldoon accepted the fan.

He sat alongside of the blushing widow, fanned her, and bought her peanuts and lemonade when the refreshment fiend sauntered along.

He was rapidly cutting out Mulcahy. Mulcahy realized it. He sat and sucked the top of his cane, and wished Muldoon would fall down in a fit so that he could have a chance to whip him. Wait, Mulcahy, you are to have your revenge.

The circus was a good one.

Muldoon enjoyed it to the top notch.

He was charmed by the gallant knights in pie-plate armor, bewitched by the lovely ladies in spangles and tinsel, and tickled by the time-tried jokes of the melancholy clown.

"Roger," said he, "whin I get to be a rich man I'll have a circus in me back yard every day an' I'll—"

"Here comes the trick mule," interrupted Roger.

Sure enough, out trotted the cunningest little mule that ever was.

"Ain't it purty?" remarked the widow.

"It's a daisy," corroborated Muldoon. "What do they do wid it? Does it walk a tight-rope, or jump through the tra-peze?"

"It's trained," explained Roger.

"Trained?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Nobody can ride it."

"Roger O'Malley, you are playing me for a sucker. Shure a baby could ride the jintle little baste widout injury."

"Just you watch and see," answered Roger, who had seen the mule before, and knew what the apparently harmless beast could do.

The ring-master raised his whip for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "allow me to introduce to you the wonderful trick-mule 'Romeo.' He is apparently a perfectly docile animal. But appearances are deceitful; I will give, on behalf of the proprietors of the circus, twenty-five dollars to any person who will ride the mule for five minutes."

Muldoon's hair jumped.

"Shure, he's a lunatic," he observed.

"Who?" Roger queried.

"The chap wid the whip."

"What's his nibs done?"

"He's off av his nut."

"How?"

"He's offered twenty-five dollars for anybody that can ride the mule."

"Well, nobody will get it."

"Ye are right," sententiously obtruded grim Mulcahy.

Muldoon turned at him. As you may conjecture, there was not much love lost between him and Mulcahy. If Muldoon said an object was red Mulcahy said it was pea-green, and if Mulcahy pointed out a horse, Muldoon was ready to swear that it was a jackass.

Therefore, Muldoon proceeded to contradict Mulcahy on the mule issue.

"Anybody could ride the mule," he remarked.

"Ye are falsifying," answered Mulcahy.

"I can do it meself."

"It is more than any Dublin bog-throtter can do."

"Do yez mane anything personal, Misther Mulcahy?"

"If the shoe fits ye can get somebody to wear it."

"Now, don't," interposed the widow, "yez are awful to quarrel so before a leddy. Faix, I know Muldoon can ride the mule ilegantly if he wants to."

"Be Heavens I will ride him," yelled Muldoon, "an' I will buy yez a bowl av ice-crame an' a pailful av sponge-pie wid the twenty-five dollars."

Out of his seat rose the Solid Man.

The ring-master was just repeating his offer.

"Twenty-five dollars to anyone who can ride the mule. Your last chance, gentlemen. Who volunteers?"

"Me!" roared Muldoon, climbing into the ring.

The circus shook with applause.

There were a great many boys present. Most of them knew Muldoon.

"Three cheers for Muldoon, the Solid Man!" called out a bare-headed, bare-footed little ragamuffin.

The cheers were given with a will.

Muldoon was intensely tickled.

He turned toward Mulcahy with a look of broad and undisguised exultation.

"Ah, ye Bowery masher," he shouted, "do yez moind the applause? It is Muldoon that is the favorite av the populace. It is a senator I will be nixt fall."

"Ride the mule," replied Mulcahy.

"I will, be jabers!"

The mule was trotted around.

"How will I mount it?" inquired Muldoon.

"Get a step-ladder," advised the ring-master.

"Hire a derrick!" sang out Roger O'Malley.

"Borrow an elevator an' ring the bell to stop whin you reach the crathure's back," put in Mulcahy.

Muldoon did not adopt any of these proffered plans.

He scrambled on to the mule's back with a total disregard to grace or equestrian propriety.

"Are you ready?" the ring-master queried.

"I am," sternly replied Muldoon.

"Have you made all the preparations for your burial?" asked the clown, and of course all the audience laughed. Audiences always do at whatever the clown says. We believe that if he recited a Greek or Latin proverb, half or his hearers in a miscellaneous crowd would roar and imagine he had said something fearfully funny.

"Yis," replied Muldoon.

"Have you got a bucket, of green paint for your grave?" the clown continued.

"I have whitewash, ye sucker!"

"Shall I paint a sunflower over your tomb?"

"Erect a brickyard, ye funny fool!"

A laugh followed this retort, and the clown realized that the laugh was getting to be on the wrong side. Therefore he wisely concluded to drop the subject.

"Touch the Arab steed, and let the gorilla ride," he said to the ring-master.

Crack—crack! went the ring-master's whip.

Off went the mule.

And off went Muldoon, head over heels into the sawdust.

"You dropped something!" yelled the clown.

"Bully for the mule. It is a quadruped possessed av rayson," shouted Mulcahy. "Mrs. Halorahan, would yez gaze at the would-be masher; it is a smelling the sawdust wid that Fifth avenue nose av his that he is!"

"Perhaps he tumbled off on purposity," replied the widow; "he is accustomed to animals."

"Cockroaches an' bed-bugs!" growled Mulcahy.

"Niver moind," rejoined his fair friend, with dignity, "Misther Muldoon is a jintleman."

At this pointed suggestion, Mulcahy relapsed into sulkiness. He felt as if he could go off and get gloriously drunk if the mule would only kick Muldoon's brains out.

But Muldoon was on his feet again.

Also on the mule.

"Ye Paraguay giraffe," he muttered, addressing the mule, "if yez hurl me off me balance this time, I'll break your back wid a pick-ax!"

The mule started again.

He went about ten feet with great docility.

Muldoon felt happy.

He saw that twenty-five dollars already in his possession.

Suddenly the animal stopped.

Muldoon didn't stop with him, though. Not by any means. He continued on.

That is to say he went right on over the mule's head, and did not stop until the ground arose up and hit him.

The fall started a crimson stream from his nose.

"First blood for Romeo!" declared the clown.

"It is not blood, it is brains, ye liar!" Muldoon shouted, rising for the second time, game as ever.

He straddled the mule once more.

The beast tried the trick of stopping short again.

It was not a success.

"Be Heavens! I have glue on to me pants, and yez cannot shake me," declared Muldoon.

The mule found out that he could not. Muldoon stuck on like wax.

The mule altered his tactics.

Around and around the ring went the mule, Muldoon clinging on to his back with a grip of death.

"Go it, ye devil!" he shouted. "Bedad, I'll stick on as long as me finger-nails howld!"

## CHAPTER VII.

Muldoon hung on to that mule as if his life depended upon it.

The mule realized, sagacious animal that it was, that it could not drop its determined rider that way.

So it tried a new plan.



It stopped, and rolled over.

"He's kilt, shure, now!" shouted Mulcahy, with savage satisfaction. "Mrs. Halorahan, the nixt time that yez call upon your love, he will raysaive yez in a wooden overcoat, wid his name an' age illegantly engraved on a silver plate over his head!"

The widow paid no attention to the funeral prediction, but watched the man and mule with reverish interest.

The mule arose.

So did Muldoon.

But the mule was as fresh as a daisy, while Muldoon looked as if he had been baked in dirt and sugared in sawdust.

"It's a-ruining av yer Sunday coat that yez are, Terence Muldoon," called out the widow, amidst a roar of laughter.

"Niver moind the coat," cheerfully returned Muldoon. "I can go down to Patrick Rubenstein's and get a betther wan for a dollar. See me ride the crathur, now!"

"Five to one you don't!" called a sporting man, with a very red face and a very big diamond.

"Twenty-leven to sixty-three that I do," replied Muldoon.

The sporting man pulled forth a very big wallet, and took out a very big pile of bills.

"I'll bet one hundred dollars to twenty that you don't!" he reiterated.

Muldoon found his pocket, and also his money. He produced two tens.

"Who'll hould the money?" he inquired.

"The ring-master, here," answered the sporting man.

"Who'll hould him?"

"I'll get a hammer and nail him down, sir," put in the clown, with mock deference.

"Yez betther get a rope an' nail yourself by the neck to a gallows," Muldoon retorted. "I am reciprocal, though, to the jintleman wid the whip houlding the stakes."

Accordingly the money was deposited in the ring-master's hands.

Muldoon climbed upon the mule's back.

He leaned forward and gently smoothed the mule's head, just over the eyes.

"G'lang, Nancy!" he chirruped.

Off went the mule at a reckless gait. Everybody craned their necks forward. They expected to see Muldoon bounced heels over head, and carried home on a shutter.

The sporting man rubbed his fat hands.

He thought he had struck a soft thing; a regular cherry-pie, with the cherries stoned.

He was doomed to disappointment.

Around and around the ring went the mule, without the least sign of trickery. And ever and anon its rider would smooth its forehead and whisper:

"G'lang Nancy!"

The ring-master got alarmed.

By every covert means in his power he incited that mule to throw its rider.

The little cuss never heeded. On—on she went, circling round and round, while the spectators cheered, the band played furiously, and the sporting man felt sick.

At last a score of watches closed with a click.

And a score of voices, belonging to the owners of the watches, yelled:

"He's won!"

Muldoon heard the yell. Unless he had been tin-eared, he could not have helped it.

He smiled all over.

"Be Heavens, boys!" he howled, "I have won me bet. What'll yez have?"

Then he leaned over for the last time and murmured:

"Whoa, Nancy!"

The mule stopped short.

The ring-master looked stupified.

"How in the mischief did you manage it?" he asked, coming up to Muldoon. "There isn't one of us that can ride the brute."

Muldoon winked slyly.

"She's an Irish mule, God bless her!" he replied, "and like every other thrue Irish girl, she'll never go back on one av her own nation."

"I know she's Irish," the ring-master said. "I bought her of a chap who brought her from Dublin. But that does not explain how you rode her. She's broke the heads of half a hundred Irishmen."

"Me grandfather—peace to his sowl—owned that mule," said Muldoon.

"He did?"

"Yis, an' I was the only bye that rode her. I didn't recognize her till she rowled on me. I thought the rowl felt familiar. I looked at her neck, and there, begorra, was the scar where I hit her wid a brick wan day. Thin I was shure av me money, an' me mule. I knew that there was a little thrick

by which I used to make her go, and I thried it. She remembered it, an' I'm solid as ever. Will yez plaze convey over the wealth?"

The ring-master complied. He could not do otherwise.

And the sporting man felt as if he had been taken in and done for.

He roamed off to the bar with a sour face. There he met Mulcahy. Mulcahy was cursing Muldoon. The sporting man ordered whisky sours for two, and assisted Mulcahy's curse.

Meanwhile Muldoon had regained his seat—the hero of the hour.

He was elated with his success.

"Arrah, Mrs. Halorahan," said he, "I will buy yez a freight-car full av pinepears an' a pianny that will play in siven different languages."

"Yez are a Gilsey House flatterer," murmured the widow.

"Niver, ma'am. Do yez know why that divil av a mule didn't throw me off and dislocate me spinal verbenas?"

"Bekase ye had mucilage onto your pants?"

"No, ma'am; because I saw yer bright eyes shining like solar stars afore me."

Mrs. Halorahan simpered, hit him with her fan, and told him that he was a gilded deceiver, and that he didn't mean a word of it. Nevertheless she was pleased.

The artful Muldoon noticed it.

He turned to Roger.

Said he, aside:

"How much did yez say the widow was worth, me bye?"

"Two thousand dollars and a brick yard," promptly responded Roger.

"I can git it for the axing," said Muldoon. "Do ye moind how she swallowed the taffy? Arrah, Roger, gallantry was always one av the Muldoon characterizations—it's mashers they all are."

Roger pretended to believe it all, and Muldoon plied his fair vis-a-vis with sugared sentences until she began to imagine he was dead in love with her.

As for Mulcahy, he was standing not the ghost of a show.

By and by Muldoon proposed that, as there was a menagerie attached to the circus, that they go out and gaze upon the animals.

The widow assented.

So did Roger.

Roger had a hazy idea that some fun might be gotten out of the change of base.

As the sequel will prove, Roger was not in error.

Muldoon led the way.

First they paused before a leopard.

Muldoon had never seen a leopard before. He knew as much about it as he did of Geometrical Progressions.

"What's that crathur?" asked the widow.

Muldoon wasn't going to show his ignorance, you can bet.

"It is a Peruvian lion, ma'am," he answered at a venture; "it aies only at midnight and ginerally is born wid three legs. The other one comes when it is aged five years."

"Are they wild?" propounded the widow.

"Furious. One av thim escaped the other day and devoured a kerridge, driver, horse and all."

"Wid a hook an' line. Will yez move on to the next cage?"

The next cage was inhabited by a giraffe. He had a sign stating that he was a giraffe over his head and therefore Muldoon was all right this time.

"This is a giraffe," he proudly announced. "Would yez stag the neck on the baste? What a playsure it must be to him to have a sore throat."

"Where does he come from?" the widow queried.

"Hoboken, ma'am. They grow wild beyant the beer gardens."

The widow looked at the glib speaker rather suspiciously.

"I was to Hoboken raycently and I niver saw a giraffe there," said she.

"What time wur ye there?"

"In the evening."

"Thin it is no wondher that yez missed thim. They go to their holes at 7 p. m."

Mrs. Halorahan did not seem exactly satisfied at the explanation. But she said nothing, and moved on.

To a third cage.

It contained an alligator—the sole marine monster of the menagerie.

"Howly Mary!" cried the widow, "what is it?"

"Tell me an' I'll give you a cigar," whispered Muldoon to Roger. "I give it up completely."

A mischievous thought found its way into Roger's busy brain.

"It's a sword-fish," he said.

"It's a sword-fish, ma'am," repeated Muldoon.

"A sword-fish?"

"Yes, me daisy."



"Where's its sword?"

"It's at the jeweler's getting mended. Yez see, it stabbed the educated winged whale wid it last noight and ruptured it."

"Lid yez ever see thim before this, then, Muldoon?"

"Frequently."

"Where?"

"In Ireland."

"Do they have sword-fishes there?"

"Multitudes, ma'am. If yez promenade along the outskirts av Dublin, yez will see all the boys a-setting on the bordhers av the Bay, catching sword-fishes wid a stick covered wid glue."

"How do they do it?"

"It is as aisy as getting dhrunk. The sword-fish bites at the stick, and the glue houlds him fast by the mouth. Thin they get a derrick an' hoist him out av the wather."

"But what do they do wid thim thin?"

"Generally make pets out av thim."

"Pets?"

"Yis; sure, I had a yaller wan that I called 'Báby.' He was eighteen feet long, and three furlongs wide. He followed me around like a dog. But he died av indaygistion, thrying to ate up a quarry," rattled off Muldoon.

"You take the cake," whispered Roger.

"What for?"

"Lying."

"Be aisy, the widdy takes it all in," rejoined Muldoon, with a grin.

She appeared to.

Or maybe she was so stupefied that she could not contradict the sword-fish story.

The next animal was a bear.

"Ain't he ugly?" said the widow.

"The bear, bad cess to his sowl, is as ferocious as he is ugly," said Muldoon. "Did yez ever hear about me brother Tim who settled in Arazony?"

"Never."

"Thin I will tell it. Tim was out shooting one day, whin he came across a bear—ah, the devil av a big bear; in fact, he didn't know it was a bear, but he took its head for a mountain, and its mouth for a cave. Whin he got inside av the bear's stomach, though, he found out his mistake. Says a voice: 'Tim Muldoon.' 'Who's you?' said he. 'Denny Rafferty, that was supposed to be lost wid his whole family seventeen years ago.' 'How did yez git here?' 'We crawled in here to get out av the rain. Wait an' I'll go afther the ould woman; she's up in the bear's left lung, cleaning house.'"

At this point, Roger fell against a cage of parrots, and gazed at Muldoon in paralyzed awe.

"That's the boss fairy story," he said.

"It's a fact, every word," said Muldoon. "An' shure enough, Mrs. Rafferty soon came down, accompanied wid six swate darters. Well, Tim saw he couldn't climb out, so he married one av the Misses Rafferty, settled down, and had twelve childer."

"Is that the last?" gasped Mrs. Halorahan.

"Nearly. But one day the bear took sick, ating av a picnic party, and threw up the Raffertys and Muldoons. They formed a sittlement on the spot, called it Muldoon City, and Tim is now postmaster there—will yez have some soda-wathar, Mrs. Halorahan?"

The widow consented eagerly.

She felt as if she could bathe in soda-water after such a yarn as the one spun by her veracious escort.

As they roamed around, Muldoon's shoe got a pebble into it. Consequently the shoe hurt.

He looked around for some suitable place to remove it.

An empty cage, formerly occupied by a chimpanzee, stood near by.

Its door was open.

"I'll jist step in there for a second, and relieve me agony of fut," soliloquized he.

So he turned to his friends.

"Will yez excuse me for a moment till I remove the bowlder from me shoe?" said he.

Of course they excused him.

And strolled on.

Muldoon retreated to the cage of the chimpanzee.

He took off his shoe.

While doing so he turned his back to the wall along which the spectators passed.

As luck would have it, as he did so, along came Mulcahy and the sporting man.

They were as full as goats.

Whisky had got the best of them, and they could not tell a donkey from a dust-hole.

Mulcahy stopped and gazed at Muldoon with that terrific gravity generally assumed by a drunken man.

"Wash is—hic—thash?" asked he.

"It's a—hic—panther," answered the sporting man.

"Panthers are—hic—dangerous?"

"Stu—stu—pendously."

"Wash 'er door open for?"

"Give it—hic—up."

"Shall I shut 'er—hic—door?"

"Yesh."

So Mulcahy shut the door. And he and the sporting man reeled on, confident that they had thus succeeded in preventing the escape of a wild and ferocious panther.

Muldoon had never noticed them. His shoe occupied all of his thoughts.

Finally he succeeded in getting the uncomfortable pebble out.

He turned to leave the cage.

The door was shut and locked.

It closed with a spring catch.

He could not get out.

He looked out of the bars.

The circus had not closed yet, and nobody was in sight.

"Roger," howled he, "it is caught in a cage I am. Will yez come and set me at liberty?"

In response Roger appeared with the widow on his arm.

He took in the situation at a glance, and whispered a few words to his companion. She smiled and assented.

Then the two moved up to the cage.

"This is a Bengal gorilla," explained Roger, with great suavity.

"Ain't it homely?" said the widow.

"Arrah, play loose wid the funny business and raylase me?" pleaded Muldoon.

"Did ye hear it spake?" cried the widow.

"It's hungry, I guess," was Roger's reply.

"It looks like a naygur, don't it?"

"Exactly. I'd like to hire him to sit on our back fence to scare cats."

"Let me out," Muldoon entreated; "ye know it is me. Some sucker has shut the door."

"Is the baste singing?" remarked the widow.

"I believe so," gravely replied Roger. "It looks something like Muldoon."

"It is me, ye fool!" shouted the supposed gorilla.

"But it ain't as homely."

"Hardly."

"I'll pulverize the pair av yez. Will yez let me out?" Muldoon roared.

"It's getting savage," said the widow, in pretended fright.

"Don't be afraid," Roger returned; "if it gets ugly one of the keepers will touch it up with a red-hot iron."

"Howly Heavens! are yez lu-natic! Roger O'Malley, if yez don't undo that door I'll curse ye forever an' the day afther," Muldoon remarked.

At this juncture a bald-headed old gentleman trotted up. The bald-headed old gentleman had spectacles on and he could not see very well.

He adjusted his spectacles and peered into the cage.

"Bless my soul," said he, "what is this—a man?"

"A gorilla, sir," politely interposed Roger.

"But it looks like a man."

"So do all gorillas."

"Ye lie!" shouted the gorilla; "it is not a dommed monkey that I am. I am Terence Muldoon, be Heaven!"

"It speaks English!" gasped the bald-headed old gentleman. "Really, this is remarkable."

"You see it is like a poll parrot," glibly rattled off Roger; "it knows a few phrases and repeats them."

"Will yez let me out?" bawled Muldoon, rattling and shaking the bars of his cage.

"That is one of his favorite sentences," remarked Roger, while the widow felt that if she did not laugh soon she would burst.

The bald-headed old gentleman took out a note-book.

And he jotted down a memorandum with a bald-headed pencil.

"Re-mark-able," he slowly articulated; "a speaking gorilla or articulating chimpanzee—re-mark-able!"

"Let me out," interrupted Muldoon.

"Poor fellow, he feels his confinement," said the old gentleman, compassionately, and he attempted to stand up on his tiptoes and pat the poor fellow's head.

Muldoon kicked savagely at him.

"Get out, you ould son av a bald-headed frog!" he howled; "if I was you I'd go to a gunsmith and get me a new pair av eyes; yez can't tell a gorilla from a daisy, ould blind-man's-buff!"

The bald-headed old gentleman jumped back about six feet.

"It ought to be chained fast!" he cried; "it is savage—very savage."

"You're right!" dryly observed Roger.



Before the others could make any reply the circus let out. As a matter of course everybody streamed out to look at the animals.

A crowd instantly surrounded the cage which contained Muldoon.

"It's a real man!"

"'Tain't—it's a big monkey."

"Dressed up in a man's clothes—how cunning."

"Ain't he an ugly cuss?"

"Wonder if it's alive?"

"Touch it and see."

"Hanged if it ain't half-human."

"I swear I'd take it for an Irishman if it wasn't a monkey."

These were a few of the comments passed by the crowd.

Most of them really believed that Muldoon was a monkey.

You can hardly laugh at them.

He looked awfully like a monkey, the light was rather dim, and above his head hung a sign inscribed: "Chimpanzee; the Nearest Approach to Man."

The crowd increased every second.

Muldoon favored the audience with some gigantic swearing.

"The Chimpanzee talks!" ran from mouth to mouth.

The crowd grew so great that all the rest of the menagerie was deserted. Men got to fighting for front places to view the phenomenon.

In the midst of it all a policeman loomed up.

He was a Dutch policeman.

Also a matter-of-fact policeman.

"Vot's der madder?" he asked.

Thirty or forty replied at once:

"It's a speaking monkey."

"Ish dot so?"

"Yes."

"Ish dot vot gauses dis growd?"

"Yes."

"By shiminy, I vill soon stop dot!" growled the guardian of the city peace, forcing his way through the throng to the cage.

Muldoon saw him.

"Will yez let me out?" he asked. "Me name is Muldoon——"

"I don't care a tam if your name vos Shorge Vashington, you've got to shut ub!" answered the policeman.

"Ye Dutch son av a ——" began Muldoon.

The policeman stuck his club between the bars and gave the speaking monkey a crack alongside of the head.

"Shut ub!" he roared. "Monkeys ain't got any peezeness speaking. Shust you sthop collecting a growd mit your mouth, or I vill glub your tongue out. Dot vill pud an end to dot speaking."

He took a position near by, and Muldoon saw that he was in earnest.

Muldoon felt completely thunderstruck. He half began to think that he was a monkey. Everybody said so, and what everybody says must be true.

He grew frantic. Men were prodding him with canes, and somebody poked an apple on a stick into his face.

Muldoon put it indignantly away.

"Be Heavens! I'd like to ate the head av the sucker that owns that apple!" he cried.

Whack! came the policeman's club against the cage.

"Shust you dumble mit yourself und gif us a rest," ordered its owner. "Mebbe you don't shut ub bretty gwick dere vill be un dead monkey 'round here—ain'd id?"

Thus was Muldoon forced to grin and bear it.

And meanwhile Mulcahy and the sporting man had reached a maudlin state of intoxication, and were weeping outside the show on a beer keg—in each other's bosom, vowing vengeance against Muldoon.

Little did they know that they had unconsciously got as completely square as they could wish.

## CHAPTER VIII.

We left Muldoon in the monkey's cage, half of the crowd that stood gazing upon him being half convinced that he was a real gorilla.

The other half were unconvinced, and several lively verbal and fistie wars grew out of the conflict of opinions.

"It's a monkey," said one.

"'Tain't—it's a man," rejoined his next neighbor.

"I say it is a genuine gorilla."

"If that's a gorilla so are you."

"I am, hey?"

"Yes, sir, and I can make you look more like one!"

Then a fight would follow, and the Dutch policeman would come to the rescue, club the wrong man, and fire some scared little boy bodily out of the door.

Of course such a row and crowd as that raised by Muldoon's appearance in the cage could not long escape the notice of the circus authorities.

A keeper came hurrying down.

He rushed up to the cage.

And gazed at Muldoon in complete bewilderment.

"What the deuce does this mean?" he asked.

"Some darty sucker locked me in this cage," roared Muldoon.

"Who are you?"

"Terence Muldoon, I was, but begorra, its a lunatic I will be in five minutes more!"

"He lies—he's a gorilla!" shouted a small boy from the edge of the crowd.

Muldoon stood on his tiptoes to see the speaker.

"Ye little son av a gun!" he cried, shaking his fist, "let me get out av here an' I'll walk on yer lungs till ye spit blood!"

"Oh, go bag your head!"

"Get your teeth cleaned!"

"Wipe off your chin!"

"Get into a balloon and bust!"

"Wash your gums!"

Thus howled the crowd in reply to Muldoon's terrific threat.

He was mad enough to eat them all up in a single mouthful. He would have been a prize cannibal just at that period.

"Will yez let me out?" he pleaded to the puzzled keeper.

"Don't do it, he's wild!" said a pale-faced man.

"Cheese it, boys, he's got the hydrophobia!" Roger O'Malley shouted, as he slid out of the crush.

At this there was a rush from the cage. People fled in all directions, and one girl fainted. But as nobody took any notice of her further than walking over her, she very soon came to.

By and by a few of the bravest came back. The rest soon followed.

The keeper, who had been dragged away in the rush, also returned.

"Can't yez ascertain that I am not a dommed monkey?" Muldoon asked, jumping furiously at a boy who poked him with a cane. "Did yez iver see a monkey wid a gould watch an' hair on his face?"

This interrogation seemed to convince the keeper.

He took a key from his pocket. He was about to open the cage.

A fussy old chap, with a white vest and eye-glasses, who could hardly tell a canary from a coal-cart, interfered. He was English—deuced English, or he pretended to be.

"My deah fellah, what are you going to do?" asked he, tapping the keeper on the shoulder.

"Open the cage," replied the keeper.

"That will be bwutally unwise. You must be cwazy."

"Why?"

"The cweature inside is mad. Let him loose an' he'll kill somebody. Weally, you're wrong."

"But it isn't a monkey, sir; it's a man."

"Beggorra, ye're the monkey yerself!" put in Muldoon, to the would-be Briton.

At this there was a loud laugh. The fussy old chap felt somewhat demoralized.

But he still stuck to his point. Quite a few supported him—those who believed that Muldoon was really a phenomenal ape, and those who did not, but wanted to have some fun, anyhow.

The Dutch policemen arrived at this state of affairs.

He had been out to get several balls, and he was braced up. He resolved to cover himself with glory if he had to cover the floor with gore.

"Vot ish der matter now?" he asked, pushing his way to the cage with his club in his hand.

"There's a Petey Recent that wants to let the gorilla loose," informed a bad man in a red shirt.

"Vich von vos he?"

"The bloody duffer with the key in his fist."

Thus informed, the cop marched over to the keeper, who was still arguing with the fussy old English chap.

"Vot is de madder mit you?" he asked, in a bullying tone.

"I want to let that man out of the cage," the keeper answered.

"Vot man?" continued the cop.

"The one there."

"Dot vosn't a man; id vos a monkey!" complacently answered the blue-coat.

"You're right, Dutchy!" yelled a dozen voices.

"You hear dot? Mebbe you don'd got no pizness here, und had pedder bounce gwick," answered the Dutch peeler.

Now the keeper was a man of an obstinate nature. He knew that Muldoon was not a monkey.

He had made up his mind to release him, and he wasn't go-



ing to be deterred from his purpose by half a dozen policemen.

"It is a man," sulkily he replied, "and I am going to let him loose."

"Bedad, you're a foine man afther me own style; an' if ever yez git kilt, it will be meself that will marry yez widow!" enthusiastically applauded Muldoon.

The Dutchman leaned over, and hit him a whack with his club, through the bars of the cage.

"Monkeys don'd got no righd to dalk. Shust you pe sdill, or py Gott, I vill break your tam jaw!" he threatened.

The spectators wildly applauded. They were having more fun in this menagerie than they had ever had before in any sort of a show.

This encouraged the Dutch cop wonderfully. He felt exhilarated to new freshness.

"You get oud; go vest, und pull up your coat!" he said to the keeper.

"I'll be hanged if I do, for any saurkraut eater alive!" the keeper sturdily said in reply.

"You von't?"

"Nixey!"

"I pet ten tollars against a bretzel dot you do!"

"What are you giving me?"

"Glub sauce. Shust you glear oud of here righd away off!"

"S'pose'n I won't?"

"I'll make you!"

The keeper braced himself up against a cage.

"Here, Billy, help me lick this Dutch snoozer!" he cried to another keeper who came running up.

Billy wanted to.

But, fortunately, Billy was not able to.

For the simple reason that the bad man with the red shirt, previously mentioned, calmly knocked Billy down, and proceeded to sit on Billy's stomach, with one hand on Billy's throat.

"Two to one ain't fair," savagely observed the bad man; "if you can fight the peeler alone, do it, but I ain't going to stand by and see two against one. That ain't the style where I was raised."

The keeper saw that he would have to fight his battle alone.

"Come on, you beer jerker!" yelled he.

Muldoon was wild with excitement.

"If ye will only pulverize that Cuban conundhrum, I'll get dhrunk wid yez an' it shan't cost yez a cint," he shouted to the keeper.

"I'll do it," replied the other, dancing off in approved pugilistic style.

The policeman took a tight hold of his club and prepared for a vigorous attack.

The crowd pressed around the contestants.

"Time," the bad man declared.

The keeper led out with his right duke and caught the nose of the Dutchman amidships.

"That was a daisy!" Muldoon cried, in an ecstasy of delight; "now slug him in the tater-trap wid yer lift!"

"No back talk from the gorilla!" sang out Roger O'Malley, as he slyly threw an apple at his respected uncle.

The apple didn't feel well when it started. It was sort of sick—it was too ripe, too juicy.

And it felt worse when it reached Muldoon's face.

The consequence was that it disbanded as soon as it struck, and Muldoon's face looked as if somebody had hit him with a blood pudding.

He was a madman for a second, and before he had got over his fit a gay old hallelujah had been started.

A third keeper arrived.

He took in the situation, rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to release the sat-upon Billy by the simple method of knocking the bad man with the red shirt flat with a club.

It happened that the bad man had a friend, a regular shoulder-hitter, alongside of him.

Said friend threw his cigar away, spat on his hands, and proceeded to fill the cracks in the floor with the keeper with the club.

While doing so he accidentally hit several other gentlemen, and they hit somebody else.

The result was a first-class, blue-light, red-hot free fight, in which nearly everybody became concerned, somehow or another.

In the general melee Roger saw the key of the cage on the floor.

He dived over a friendly couple who were trying their level best to dig one another's eyes out, and snatched it.

In a second he had Muldoon's cage door open.

Muldoon came out like a hurricane with its back up.

"Sind for twelve ambulances!" he howled; "bedad, I'll make a slaughter-house out av this chateau!"

The row was stopped in a twinkling at his appearance.

He looked so terribly bloodthirsty that all took to their heels. Even the bad man ran and hid under a waxworks case.

All except keeper number one and the Dutch cop. They were killing each other so earnestly that they would not have stopped for a drove of buffaloes.

"Be Heavens!" shouted Muldoon at the retreating crowd, "will none of yez stay an' be kilt?"

They did not seem to care much about it.

At least they ran as if they didn't.

By the time that Muldoon had ceased jumping up and down, and calling for a sheet to put corpses in, nobody was in sight.

"Begorra, I'll slay somebody if I have to get an ax an' cut the giraffe's throat!" threatened the mad Irishman, as he started off on the war-path.

Everybody had skipped. The circus was left to run itself.

Even the fat woman gathered up her skirts and ran out of the door with the grace of an animated hogshead.

Up and down charged Muldoon.

"Won't yez ever sind me a canary fish to jump on?" pleaded he, as he kicked a miserable yellow dog up against the roof.

As he did so, his eyes caught sight of a pair of the skinniest legs possible sticking out from under the alligator's tank.

A wild war-whoop announced his discovery.

He clasped the legs by the ankles.

A vigorous pull, and out came the most completely scared man ever seen.

He was a thin man—a man who looked as if he had been born in a pipe-stem, and lived there ever since.

In fact, he was so awfully thin that he would have made a splendid tooth-pick, or an A 1 parasol handle.

It was the Living Skeleton of the circus, who had not been able to get out of the way at the first alarm, and hid himself in the nearest place he could find.

"Mercy!" he pleaded.

"Is it a man or a curiosity that I have found?" Muldoon asked, astonished at his prize.

"It's me," whined the wretched wonder.

"Who in blazes are ye?"

"The Living Skeleton, sir."

"Shure, I wouldn't take ye for a prize pig, anywhere. Stand up, ye fat ox."

The Living Skeleton obeyed. He tottered to his feet.

"Put up yer fists!" ordered Muldoon.

"What for, sir?"

"I'm going to blow yez to pices. Can yez fight, Daniel Lambert?"

"No, sir."

"Then Heaven preserve yez."

"Why?" tremblingly asked the bony being.

"I'm going to knock the whole head off av yez. Bedad, I'll git square on somebody. Put me in a darty cage an' call me a gorilla, will yez?"

"I never said so," the victim cried, in anguish.

"Yez lie!" answered Muldoon, taking off his coat; "put up yer jukes, me baby."

The "baby" fairly got outside of himself in his terror.

"I'm fifty years old!" he groaned.

"I could lick yez if ye war five hundred."

"But I am the father of fifteen children, all depending upon me for support."

"It's the divil av a support that yez must be. Get ready."

"Would you kill me in cold blood?"

"Hot if yez prefer. Look out—I intend to knock ye all out av jint."

Muldoon was as good as his word. A rap on the shoulder and the skeleton went down like a hen-coop.

Muldoon took him by the shoulder and planted him on his feet again.

"First knock-down for Muldoon, and odds tin to wan," he muttered. "Stand out av the shadow, for yez are so thin it needs daylight to see you at all."

They fought five more rounds. They all had one finish. The skeleton fell down to avoid being knocked down, and Muldoon felt better.

"If yer family are all loike yerself," he crowed, "I can paralyze the whole gang. Show them to me an' I'll make one funeral out av the lot."

The skeleton did not reply.

He was getting sick of the fight.

It had too much monotony; too much sameness about it.

He concluded, if possible, to vary the programme a little.

Leaning against a cage was a good-sized stick, used for stirring up the animals when necessity required.

He grabbed it.

Before Muldoon could divine his intention and frustrate it, he hit the Solid Man a blow alongside of the head that toppled that person over like a leaf.

Having once got the foe down the skeleton basely violated



every element of gentlemanly fistal encounter by proceeding to pound him as he lay on the floor, with the stick.

"Hould on—it ain't fair!" yelled Muldoon.

"Get out, you gorilla—you flannel-mouth Mick—you Tipperary monkey!" responded the other, full of sudden courage, as he wielded the stick with all the muscle in him.

"Let up," begged Muldoon.

"To have you kill me? Not much;" and whack—whack! went the stick.

Muldoon began to weaken.

"Play light on the stick, ye bag of bones," he requested.

"Will you promise not to touch me?" the skeleton inquired, for he was getting rather tired.

"Honestly I will."

"Take your oath?"

"I'll give yez the worrud av a rale Irish gentleman, an' that was niver broken yet."

The skeleton dropped his stick.

Muldoon slowly arose, with rather a foolish air.

He took a good survey of the skeleton, which the skeleton returned unflinchingly.

"Shake hands," finally said Muldoon; "ye are a man av pluck. Be Heavens, if yez had more mate on yez it is a terror to the city yez would become. Will yez take a drink?"

The skeleton would.

So the two roamed off to the bar. Meanwhile the crowd, having got over their scare, had returned.

Muldoon was chaffed by everybody, including Roger and the widow.

Even the Dutch policeman, who had succeeded in conquering the keeper and locking him up in the station-house, condescended to tell Muldoon:

"Dot it vos funny, py tam."

Muldoon asked all up to the bar. Folks got rapidly happy. All except Mulcahy and the sporting man. They had sat outside of the show on the beer kegs until they got sick.

And the Dutch policeman, full of valor after he had got several drinks, went out and put them in a hand-cart, and, escorted by a select gang of ragamuffins, they were wheeled off home.

While this was going on Muldoon was going over the show for the second time with the widow on his arm.

He had gotten all over his gorilla mania, and was as gay and festive a cavalier as ever escorted a fair lady.

As they paraded up and down, Muldoon noticed a keeper look into a cage with a gesture of surprise.

"By jingo!" he said, with a half laugh, "somebody's going home scented like a dumping-ground."

"Why?" Muldoon asked.

"The polecat has crawled out under his cage door, and escaped."

"An' what is a polecat? Shure I've heard av a tom cat, an' pussy cat, an' one-o'-cat, but divil av an ejaculation have I iver heard av polecat."

The keeper looked contemptuously at him.

"A polecat is a skunk, you greenhorn," he replied. "I must tell the bosses, and have his nibs caught."

"An' what is a skunk?" Muldoon queried. But the keeper was gone, and Muldoon was left to wonder whether a skunk was a bird or a fish.

By and by Muldoon saw what he took to be a beautiful little cat crouching away out of sight behind a heap of rubbish in one corner.

"Ain't it purty?" he said.

"What's purty?" asked the widow.

"That daisy av a cat."

"Where?"

"Beyant the dirt heap. What an iligant tail it has!"

The widow, as soon as she beheld the creature, concurred heartily in his remark.

"It's as swate as a picthure," she said.

"Would yez loike to have it for a pet? Yez could put it in a gilded cage and hang it in yer front window," gallantly suggested Muldoon.

The widow simpered acquiescence.

"I will lasso it for yez, if ye will condescend to accept av it."

"Yez are so insidious, Misther Muldoon."

"Thin I will catch it."

"Av ye plaze."

Muldoon tucked up his cuffs.

And he agilely skipped toward the supposititious cat.

The supposititious cat skipped the other way.

Muldoon followed.

The cat dodged, and Muldoon dodged after it.

"Whoa, Emma!" he howled; "will ye stop an' allow me to capture yez?"

The cat did not seem to understand him. She ran off as swiftly as ever.

Muldoon picked up a club, the same one which the Living Skeleton had used to such advantage.

"Begorra!" cried he, raising the stick, "I'll knock ye stiff an' present the widdy wid yer corpse. She can git it stuffed an' put up on the mantelpiece forninst the clock."

He let the weapon fly.

It caught the cat alongside the head, and laid her out flat. Apparently she was senseless.

"It's a dead cat that the widdy will have," laughed Muldoon, as he walked up to the prostrate little creature.

He put his hand on its side. There was a sudden movement of the animal—a terrible stench and Muldoon staggered back with a wet face.

"Howly Heaven!" he shouted, as he danced around in agony and tried vainly to wipe the noxious liquid from his clothes and face, "I smell like a dog that has been dead for a century."

The widow quickly dropped his arm and applied her handkerchief to her nose. So did everybody else within smelling distance.

Muldoon was in a state of complete bewilderment. The affair was a complete puzzle to him.

"Begorra! the cat must have been sick," said he.

"It wasn't a cat!" grinned a young fellow keeping away as far as possible from Muldoon.

"Thin what was it?"

"A skunk," and the speaker gently explained to Muldoon what kind of a hair pin the skunk was, and what kind of perfumery it chucked around.

Muldoon felt all broke up.

"How can I get the perfume off av me clothes?" he anxiously inquired.

"Burn them up!" replied Roger, who was taking it all in from a safe position.

"Like fun I will. Shure I paid three dollars for the suit down at Michael Guggenheimer's. Do yez suppose that I am composeted av gould, ye Petey Recent?"

## CHAPTER IX.

Muldoon stood glaring at the smiling faces around him.

"Arrah, get me some perfumery," he begged. "I smell loike a decayed cat."

"Better go out and air yourself," advised a bystander. "You'll never get rid of the small if you don't."

"But what will I do wid me garments?"

"Give them to the poor!"

"Burn 'em up!"

"Bury them!"

"Take them off and drown them!"

These were a sample of the gratuitous bits of advice offered by those around.

Muldoon sighed deeply.

"To think av me iligant pants that I got made down to the blacksmith's in Baxter avenue," he soliloquized, "completely ruined. An' they fitted me wid the agility av catskin gloves. Begorra, the nixt skunk that I take hould av, it is a tin breast-plate that I'll have before me!"

Just then one of the proprietors of the show arrived.

"You must get out of here, sir," he said to Muldoon.

"What for?" demanded that gentleman, indignantly.

"You're scenting the whole place up."

"Shure, I don't charge nothing for it."

"I know it, but we don't like it; we'd rather buy a cologne fountain."

"Thin why the divil didn't yez chain up your skunk?"

The proprietor gave it up. But he was resolved that Muldoon must go out.

"You want to go out and let the wind blow on you," said he; "you'll have the whole street to yourself, never fear."

"But I paid me fifty cints to come in!" protested Muldoon.

The proprietor took out a handful of silver.

"We'll give you a dollar to go out," replied he.

Muldoon reached over and scooped in the silver.

"I'll pedestranate to the strate, but remimber that I go out av me own choice," said he.

The proprietor promised that he would do so; rather than forget the important fact, that he would put it down on the slate, and read it every night before he went to bed.

Then Muldoon condescended to move toward the door. Several of the crowd followed him. They made disrespectful remarks and laughed at him.

"Maybe they think it is going out on me fate that I am because I am afraid that it is fired out on me head that I'll be if I don't," he imagined.

That settled it.

He went back to where the proprietor was standing.



That person was as pleased to see him as if he was an escaped rattlesnake, or an unexpected hyena.

"You back again?" he gasped.

"If yez don't think it is me, ax if I'm in," promptly retorted Muldoon.

"I thought you were going out."

"I thought a monkey could swim, but he can't."

"What are you back here for?"

"If I went out into the moonlight I might get sunstruck, and die of the hay-fever. Here's your dirty dollar!"

The other took it with the same genial gratitude that a condemned person takes his death-warrant.

In vain he tried to coax the stubborn Irishman to go out.

Muldoon wouldn't.

"Thry to put me out. I'll make yez ould circus luk like a slaughter-house, an' yerself will ride home to your family in a black barouche, wid Ambulance on aich side," he threatened.

The proprietor did not care to force a fight. There was no statute that he knew of in the law books that provided for the forcible bouncing of a man simply because he smelt.

So he racked his brain to think of some stratagem whereby Muldoon might be got on the exterior of the show. Once out, the proprietor resolved that he wouldn't get in again till he either put on fresh clothes or bought the whole show.

But Muldoon was too fly.

He resisted every invitation to come out and look at a comet, and even the report that a stone-yard was burning up next door did not move him.

He roamed about like a duke. Everybody got out of his way.

"Bedad, I'm so high-choned that nobody dares to walk tin fate forninst me," he remarked. "Faix, if I had met wid another skunk, I'd a had the whole place to meself."

He examined all the animals two or three times. He could have looked at them all night if he had wanted to. No one would have been impolite enough to stop him.

Around the circus were various guide-boards for the better direction of visitors.

They read:

"To the Lions." "To the Alligators." "To the Sacred Snake," etc.

He followed them all and gazed upon the wonders.

Finally he came to a new sign.

It was painted on the wall.

It read:

"To the Exit."

Muldoon spelled it over very carefully. And he meditated upon it.

"To the exit," repeated he; "I've not seen the cathur. I wondher what in the divil it is? Is it a bird or a fish or a baste? I guess I will go an' gaze upon it."

First, though, he thought that he would ask and ascertain what the "exit" was.

He called to the proprietor, who was hopelessly following him at a most respectful distance.

"Would yez come widin range av me tongue?" he asked.

The proprietor sadly replied that he was willing to come within range of anything but his clutches.

"What do you want?" queried he.

"What is the exit?" Muldoon answered back.

A wild hope took birth in the circus-owner's breast.

He imagined he saw a way to get his unsavory guest out of the place.

"H'ain't you seen the exit—the great exit—the only exit?" cried he, in well-assumed accents of surprise.

"Shure I h'ain't even seen his tail."

"You haven't?"

"Divil a bit."

"You've missed a big thing."

"Is it taffy that you are giving to me?"

"Bless me, no."

"What is the exit, then?"

"Why, it's a beast as big as an elephant, and it has wings."

"Wings! Heaven save us!"

"And a horn growing out of its head."

"Howly Moses!"

"And a tail like a fish," continued the proprietor, drawing more upon his imagination, and watching the effect with anxious eyes.

Muldoon took it all in. His eyes dilated with wonder.

"Show it to me," begged he; "it must be a terrible curiosity of animality."

The proprietor said it was. He smiled all over when he said it, and he felt like kicking himself with joy.

"It won't eat nothing but roast goat and pineapples," he yawned. "We have to keep it chained to a brick house. We caught it in Abyssinia."

"Where's that? Near Central Park?"

"No; it's in New Jersey. Oh, the exit's a remarkable animal. You won't see the like of it again in your life."

By this time Muldoon was nearly dying with curiosity. He would have walked a dozen miles to view the phenomenal beast.

"Which way do you go?" he yelled.

"Follow that sign."

Muldoon followed.

The way led him through a broad passage. At the end was a pair of green baize doors.

At the door sat a man on a high stool.

"Check, sir," said he.

"What do I want wid yez check?" Muldoon hurled back.

"Is this the exit, ye spalpeen?"

The man looked at him in surprise.

"Of course, sir," was his reply.

"Which way?"

"Right out," and he held the door open.

Muldoon rushed right out. A breeze blew coldly upon him. He cast a single glance around.

He was out into the street.

"Be Heavens!" he roared, "they have fooled me; they have dayceived me. It is a gum game they have put up on me. Howly St. Patrick! wait till I git out av me duster, and I'll pulverize the sucker! Play me, Terence Muldoon, for a grane son av a gun from Flatbush, will they?"

He got outside of his light summer coat in a second. He followed suit with his vest. Then he rolled up his sleeves.

He walked, or rather hopped, back to the doors.

"Let me in, ye blaggard!" demanded he.

A voice replied.

It was the clarion and victorious voice of the now happy proprietor.

"Not much," it said.

"I'll tear down yez ould shanty, an' kill the animiles, if yez don't!" Muldoon threatened.

"All right."

"Bedad, I'll buy me a battering-ram, and break yez all up!"

"Buy away!"

"Shure, I'll borry a pound av shot, an' blow yez into pot-pie."

"Go ahead, old man!"

Muldoon gave a vigorous kick at the doors.

They budged not an inch.

No wonder. The proprietor and seven of his men were holding them fast. They also had four or five empty cages and several trunks braced up against them.

Therefore Muldoon's efforts were of little avail.

He got ripping mad, and howled like a fiend to be let in.

But those inside did not see it.

They were as hard as rocks. They did not desire his society for a cent.

As he stood outside debating about his next move, who should come along but the Dutch policeman.

"Move away!" he ordered.

"What for?" asked Muldoon.

"Gorillas vas not allowed to stand mit the street."

"Who's a gorilla, ye Cuban spy?"

"Vasn't you the veller dot vas inside of the monkey's cage?"

"What's that to the loike av yez, anyhow?"

"Shust you skib!"

"Oh, go rowl yer head in mud! Faix, I'll stand here till me feet rot off if I plaze."

The valiant cop pulled out his club.

"Bounce, righd away," ordered he, "or I vill glub the liver oud of you! Py Christopher, vot a stinkpot you vos! Petter go hire oud yourself von a garbage barge, ain't id?"

Muldoon hesitated for a second as to what he should do. He would have liked to take that fresh policeman and drive cobble-stones down with him.

But he was not sure but that the programme might be reserved, and he might chance to be the one to do the cobble-stone act.

Therefore he decided to move off home.

"Ye are a marked man," he said to the Dutch cop, as he moved off; "your fate is decided. Whin ye are a solitary corpse a-floating around the river wid mud in yer nose, and an eel in aich ear, remimber me prophesy."

"Go und vash off your head mit salt vater, you vas too fresh," was the only reply vouchsafed by the mighty knight of the club, as he moved loftily away on his beat.

Muldoon went home.

And to bed.

First, though, he did up his perfumed clothes in a bundle, and put them away beneath a stoop.

A goat came along.

With the usual appetite of a good, well-formed goat, he tried to take a light supper off of those clothes.



The result was—dead goat.

Our hero was partly avenged. He had made something die, if it was only a goat.

The next day when Muldoon got down to breakfast he was unmercifully guyed.

Roger had told the family all about Muldoon's adventures, and of course he got all of the jokes and allusions to his adventures that he wanted.

When the laughter had partially subsided, Roger remarked:

"You need country air after your racket, Uncle Terry."

"It is counthry air—Sing Sing air, that yez need," retorted Muldoon.

"No, you look all broke up."

"I feel so."

"You want a little ozone."

"Ozone?"

"Yes."

"What is that? Tell me, an' yez can have the whole av it."

"Ozone is air. Come out with me this afternoon, uncle, and we'll have a nice, quiet, peaceable excursion."

"Do yez mane it?"

"Honest George."

"Where will we go?"

"Pleasant Valley."

"Where's that?"

"Up the Hudson a little ways. Nobby sail—and I say, uncle?"

"Eect it, ye little wheedler."

"Lot of nice girls on the boat. You'll strike a mash, I'll bet."

As we have hinted several times before, Muldoon had an idea that he was a terrible masher. He imagined that as a lady-killer he was simply enormous.

So the prospect of a nice sail, and a chance to "mash," beguiled him off.

He and Roger took the three o'clock boat.

It was crowded.

Pleasant Valley boats on a fine afternoon generally are.

There was a band of music, two fiddles and a harp, lots of girls, nice young men, and a breeze just sufficient to cool off a person.

There was one young girl that Muldoon took a great fancy to.

She was a modest little blonde with a demure look in her pretty blue eyes, and a sort of half-alarmed expression upon her demure face. In fact, she seemed as if she would faint with fright if anybody spoke to her that she didn't know.

Muldoon was struck.

"Ain't she a darlint?" he whispered to Roger. "She's as purty as a tea-store chromo."

"Yes, she's beautiful," slyly remarked Roger, desirous of encouraging the old man.

"Look at the birdie eyes on the colleen."

"Sweet, ain't they?"

"Yez are correct. Shure, I suggest that I have caught her eye."

"I'm dead sure of it. Why don't you brace the graft?"

"For Heaven's sake, Roger, will you articulate American? What is brace the graft? Yez should furnish me with a dictionary on the Frinch dialect."

"It means go up and talk to her. You are afraid to."

"I am, am I?"

"Yes."

"Thin watch me. Wait till yez see me pedestrinating up the dock wid her on me arm. Ah, Roger, ye should make room for yer uncle. Kape your optics fixed upon me, now."

Muldoon fixed his hat.

And adjusted his necktie.

And pulled down his cuffs so that his fifty-cent solid gold sleeve-buttons showed for all that they were worth.

Then he walked up to the young lady.

There was a vacant stool by her side. He took it.

"Foine day, miss," said he with an artful cough.

She answered not.

"If she had cotton in her ears, I would swear she was deaf," murmured Muldoon, as he sweetly observed:

"Lovely sail."

No reply.

"Begorra, I'll git ye a spaking-trumpet an' talk through that. I half believe she's wax. I say, miss, have yez any objections to me presence av body?"

The shy, young thing turned around. Her rosebud lips quivered with emotion.

"You bloody old mick!" said she, "if you don't slide out of here darned quick, I'll kick the whole ear off of you blamed quick!"

Muldoon was as thunderstruck as if somebody had got up and hit him with a brick.

He got out of that spot and off of the stool like a whipped dog.

Sadly he returned to Roger.

Roger was laughing all over. He had heard the modest young girl's gentle reply.

"Well, how did you make out? Did you mash it?" asked he.

Muldoon picked up a chair.

"Roger O'Malley," sternly he said, "if yez syllablize a sentence av this outside, I'll break your gizzard. De yez tumble? Roger, take me advice—all that glitters is not handsome."

The trip passed without any other adventure till Pleasant Valley was reached.

Here they got off, went up to the hotel, had clam-chowder, zwei beer and a good smoke.

"I should like a bath," he remarked.

"Where?"

"In the water, av coorse. Have ye a supposition that I would swim on the flure?"

Roger smiled, and replied:

"If you want to we can go down to the river, get a nice secluded place behind the rocks where nobody will see us, and go in."

Muldoon readily assented. They arose, paid their bill, and walked down to the river.

On the way, Roger met a chum, Ned Raynor.

Ned was a smart young fellow of about Roger's age, whose folks had a country house near Pleasant Valley.

Ned was accompanied by his dog, a surly but beautiful brute of a Newfoundland breed.

Ned was introduced to Muldoon and they soon found a nice spot, sheltered from curious eyes by a bulwark of rocks, where they could go in swimming and be perfectly screened from the gaze of curious eyes.

"Are yez ready?" he asked of the boys.

But neither of them would go in. Roger had a lame leg.

Ned was subject to cramps. They preferred to stay out and look at Muldoon.

He had a bully time.

He splashed and dashed in the water like a sort of Irish he-mermaid.

The boys, though, soon got tired of watching him.

They began concocting a piece of deviltry. Roger was in his element at the little amusement.

"Call your dog!" whispered Roger to Ned.

"What for?"

"We'll set him on the old terrier's clothes."

"To watch them?"

"Can't you tumble? Yes; let the kiyute watch them so that he won't be able to get them again in a sweat."

Ned winked at Roger.

Roger winked back.

They understood one another perfectly.

"Here, Tiger," called Ned.

Tiger came in a hurry.

"Watch those clothes, sir."

Tiger climbed lazily over to the clothes. He squatted down on them.

Just then Muldoon looked up.

"Take the darty dog off av me clothes!" he yelled.

But Roger and Ned had scurried out of sight behind some rocks, where they were prepared to take the circus all in.

"Get out av there, ye baste!" Muldoon shouted at the dog.

Tiger did not budge.

Muldoon crept up on the beach and picked up a handful of wet sand.

"Take that, ye divil!" he exclaimed, throwing it at the animal.

It struck him on the nose.

The dog gave a growl, showed a set of formidable teeth, and seemed inclined to spring at the sand thrower.

Muldoon went into the water in a hurry.

"Be Heaven!" he roared, "bad cess to your sowl for a dog, I'll break yez back if yez don't get off av thim clothes!"

But the dog would not move.

"Will somebody lind me the loan av a gun till I shoot the tail av the baste?" asked Muldoon.

Nobody seemed disposed to oblige.

The water was cold, Muldoon was getting blue around the gills, and the dog was firm.

Here was a nice fix for the Solid Man.

## CHAPTER X.

It was a pretty fix for the Solid Man.

"Roger, ye son av the divil!" yelled he, "will yez heave in soight, an' drag this bloody ould dog away?"

But Roger obstinately refused to reply.



He and Ned Raynor were enjoying all of the fun from behind the big rock, and they did not desire to spoil the circus by interfering.

So Muldoon shouted and appealed in vain.

Finally he changed his tactics. He advanced with what he intended to be a pleasant air to the remorseless dog.

"Ah, ye purty baste—ye darling puppy," said he, "ye are as purty as a milk-jug. Shure, if yez should die I'd stuff yez wid rocks, an' hang yez over the grand pianny in the parlor. Plaze to get off av me garments."

Tiger's only answer was a short, vicious bark. He was not going to be caught by Muldoon's taffy.

"Ye four-legged coquette," went on Muldoon, "come along wid me an' I'll buy yez a pair av glass ear-rings to wear in your nose. Arrah, now, slide away from me hosiery, an' I'll get yez picthur painted."

Apparently, Tiger did not want glass ear-rings. And the prospect of a picture was not balm to his soul.

He growled defiantly, and exhibited all of his teeth, and Muldoon retreated back into the briny billows.

"Howly Moses!" shivered he, "I am as cowlid as a chunk av ice. Bedad I'd loike to sit on a range for a few seconds. Oh, you dommed dog! I'd loike to buy five cents worth av lightning, an' strike yez rale hard."

"The old man's getting on his ear, ain't he?" whispered Ned to Roger; "hadn't I better call off the dog?"

"Not yet," was Roger's reply.

"Why not?"

"Wait till you see me have a little more fun with him."

"How?"

"I'll give him a grand stand-up," and Roger called:

"Uncle Terry."

"Is it you, ye bow-legged, cross-eared, hump-back son av a sea grampus?" politely answered Muldoon.

"Yes; cheese it."

"I haven't any cheese, ye sucker."

"Lay low."

"An' git salt wather up me nostrils? Divil a bit."

"Hide yourself."

"What undher—a clam shell? What are yez sinding me, anyhow?"

"There's four ladies coming!" bellowed Roger.

"An' me wid not iver an undershirt on! Oh, Roger, alanna, for the love av God, kick that dog loose!"

"Three of the women have got opera-glasses," continued the remorseless Roger.

"Great Heavens!" ejaculated Muldoon.

"The other one's got a telescope."

"Kill her!"

"She's pointing it at yez."

"Knock her down wid a brick."

"I'll call her over, if you say so, an' introduce you," remarked Roger. "She's a real nice girl. Fat and juicy as a shad-pole, and she's got a nice wart in her ear. It's a big brace, uncle."

Then he yelled out at the top of his voice:

"This way, miss. The only path that leads to the great male bather in real water. He lives only on mud and sand and is fed with a spoon six times a year. Walk right up and gaze at the wonder; no charge. Babies in arms, half price!"

"Roger, I'll curse yez!" Muldoon threatened, "if ye persuade that faymale buccaneer to come here I'll kill yez wid wan another. Roger, I am a desperado, I am lost to shame. Yez can call seventy-five women wid a hay-rigging full av opera-glasses and I'll come out av the say an' promenade before thim dressed in nothing at all."

"We've had his nibs on a string long enough," whispered Ned; "I'd better call Tiger away."

Ned whistled.

Tiger trotted obediently to him.

And Muldoon did not take six hours in getting out of the river.

The air was blue around him for a while, he cursed so much while he was dressing.

He gave the boys a back-sided prayer that nearly paralyzed them for a moment, owing to the size and strength of his Irish oaths.

But they put on angel faces, and persuaded him that it was not their fault. They could not help it. It was always remarkable how many things there were that Roger O'Malley could not help.

At last Muldoon allowed himself to be cajoled into good humor, and the rest of the afternoon was spent very pleasantly.

At seven o'clock they took the boat down to New York.

Muldoon had not been on board half an hour before he was missing.

Roger, though, did not care much. He had made the acquaintance of a pretty, dark-haired little girl.

Roger was on the mash.

"What did you say your name was, darling?" he lisped.

"Annie Chroater," was the soft reply.

"That name," said Roger, softly, "shall be a beacon-light to me; it shall also be a—"

What it would also be will never be discovered.

A sort of Irish idol with his nose all blood, his coat all rags, and a black eye as big as a pancake, stalked in between them.

The idol tried to smile.

The smile was enough to paralyze a galvanized monkey.

"Be Heavens, Roger," it shouted, "I have done it!"

"Well, if it ain't Muldoon you can shoot me in the back with a baked apple," gasped Roger. "Where have you been—what have you done?"

"I have started a hospital on board av this yacht," Muldoon boasted. "Ax the captain to allow yez to go behind the bar an' count the corpses."

"Been in a fight?"

"Roger, it wasn't a fight, it war a massacre."

"How did it happen?" Roger asked, with a sigh. He knew that Muldoon couldn't be shook. As for little Annie, she moved away with a gesture of disgust, which was totally wasted on Muldoon.

"Yez see," began Muldoon, spitting over his shoulder in a very bad and piratical way, "I wint down to the bar. I axed for a soda-water milk punch. There war a gang av suckers around. Said one av thim to the barkeeper: 'Give the tarrier seltzer!'"

"Did you get it?" laughed Roger.

"Fwhy, yes. The barkeeper tuk down a bay-rum bottle wid a roof on it, and he touched a spring. Begorra, Roger, the wather came out wid such a rush that it knocked me over. I thought that I was drowned. Thin one of the gang axed me would I desire a towel to finish me bath wid? That settled it. I went for thim."

"What was the result?"

"There's twelve av thim can't spake, and the residue—there's a word av stoile for ye—are dumb. I'm a bad man, be gob," and Muldoon sat down with a great deal of noise, lit a very dizzy cigar, and glared fiercely around at the rest of the passengers.

As soon as he could, Roger took little Annie's arm and strolled downstairs.

He looked around.

No signs of blood around the bar; no corpses; nobody who exhibited any signs of having been in a muss.

Behind the bar stood the barkeeper, smoking quietly at a cigar and reading a paper.

Roger sauntered up, and ordered a sherry cobbler for himself and a glass of claret for his lady.

"Been a big row down here, ain't there?" he asked, as he gently sucked the cobbler through his straw.

The barkeeper laughed.

"Who gave that to yer, young fellow?" asked he.

"I heard it."

"Well, 'twan't much."

"No?"

"Only an old flannel-mouthed terrier got plugged in the jaw by a nigger."

"Roger's glass almost dropped from his fingers."

"What?" cried he.

"You see," the barkeeper grinned, "his nibs came down here with a Tenth avenue swagger, and asked for a whisky straight. As he took it up, our little nigger bootblack stumbled accidentally against him, and he spilled the drink. The old duffer tried to knock the boy's head off, but the little nigger licked the padding out of him, and he went upstairs to get twelve knives and four or five pistols. Thirty cents, please, for drinks."

Roger paid the money, and returned upstairs.

Muldoon was sitting on two chairs with his feet on four more, and was picking his teeth with a jack-knife as big as a gun. Oh, he did look so baddy—baddy—baddy!

"Who are yez spitting at?" he bawled at a white-faced man with six children.

"Beg pardon, sir; didn't have the faintest idea, sir, of spitting at you, sir," nervously replied the white-faced man.

"Ye lie! Kape yez ould spit to yerself or I'll come over and drown yez in it!" fiercely answered Muldoon.

"Ain't he tough?" said Roger.

"Pooh! he's all wind. I could lick him myself," said the fair Annie.

"Maybe he'll try to mash you."

"I'll mash him in the nose!"

"See me make him skip," laughed Roger.

Muldoon was just about telling a scared little Frenchman that if he didn't stop his child crying he (Muldoon) would throw it overboard, when Roger cried:

"Cheese it, Muldoon; here comes the nigger bootblack!"



Down went Muldoon's six chairs with a crash, and away went himself like a flash.

He didn't appear again till the dock was reached. Then he came sneaking out from a closet, and went home by as obscure a street as he could find.

Soon after Muldoon left the habitation of the O'Malleys.

He bought a pretty little cottage up in Harlem. There was considerable of a yard around it, and it was as nice a home-spot as one would wish.

Much to everybody's surprise he requested that Roger be allowed to live with him.

Mr. O'Malley readily consented.

Muldoon was rich, not married, and who knew but that Roger might come in for some of his uncle's shekels?

When they had got settled in Harlem they found the baseball fever raging fiercely.

Every boy from six to twenty-six belonged to some club or another, and the staples of conversation were "flies" and "fouls," "outs" and "ins," and all the other jargonry of our national game.

Of course Roger soon joined a club.

It was called the "Shamrock," and, possibly on account of the name, Muldoon took a great fancy to the boys composing it.

He went to every game, and was generally considered to be, and correctly, too, the club's financial backer.

Now, for a long time, Roger had not put up a single job on the old man. In this baseball fever of Muldoon's he saw a chance for a good racket.

He went down to the city one day, and had a talk with Mulcahy. He came back, grinning.

"Uncle," said he, at the supper table that night, "we're going to play the 'Orioles' to-morrow."

"Will yez bate them?" anxiously Muldoon queried.

"Guess not."

"How's that?"

"We're short-waisted. Jimmy Fresh has got the cramps and can't play. Neither can Mike Blue."

"Get two other lads."

"We've got one."

"Who?"

"Mulcahy."

Muldoon got up with an expression of deep disgust.

"A wooden shark could bate that big-mouthed Cuban!" said he. "Begorra, I could play better than he meself!"

This was just what Roger wanted.

"Will you play with us?" begged he.

"Mr. Roger O'Malley, do yez desire to make a penny puppet-show out av yez uncle? It is a foine gait I have for a ball-player."

"Mulcahy said you wouldn't play," remarked Roger, with his mouth full of bread and butter.

"He did?"

"Yes, and he said that you couldn't play baseball. He said that if an old Turk like you should get on a ball ground, the ball ground would faint."

Muldoon got up and hit the table a whack that made the dishes rattle.

"That for Mulcahy!" cried he. "I will play baseball, be Heavens, if I rupture me-sowl. Roger!"

"Sir?"

"Go right down to the ladies' famishing store, an' buy me a red shirt, wid a daisy ball cap, an' a pair av spiked overshoes. I can't play baseball, an' I'm an ould Tark, am I? Cornaylius Mulcahy, may angels purtect yez—I won't."

Roger obeyed with a scarcely concealed snicker. Going down to a gents' furnishing store and sporting depot, he bought a very nobby ball suit for his uncle.

Muldoon was tickled to death with it.

He put it on and pranced up and down the floor before the glass admiring himself, as if he were about six years of age.

"Ain't I a daisy?" demanded he.

"Every inch," Roger answered. "You'll beat the deck."

Muldoon was tickled almost to death at his appearance. All the evening he talked of nothing but baseball, and when he went to bed his dreams were all of the diamond field.

Next morning he was up bright and early.

He was in one continual fidget until it was time to go to the ball field.

Arm in arm with Roger, they started on their way.

Muldoon's appearance on the street was hailed with loud applause. Somehow the news had got all over Harlem that Muldoon was going to play baseball.

Most of the unemployed ragamuffins of the vicinity were anxiously expecting his appearance from the surrounding fences and front stoops.

When he finally showed up they gave him a loud cheer.

"Would ye stag the gorilla in the baseball suit, Billy?" yelled one.

"By golly, it's alive; see its feet go!" responded Billy, in pretended surprise.

"Where did yer get it, Roger?" asked a third.

"At a raffle—it's stuffed!" a fourth promptly answered.

But Muldoon felt too good to be disturbed by his reception. "Arrah, byes, be aisy," said he, good-humoredly, as he chucked them some pennies; "be off wid yez to the candy warehouse around the corner, an' buy yerselves some bolivar gum-drops."

The boys did not wait for the invitation to be written out on gilt-edged paper, and sent to them by a footman in livery.

Not any—they grabbed the pennies, and with three good rattling cheers for Muldoon, vanished.

"Do yez moind what a favorite I am wid the populace, Roger?" observed Muldoon, proudly; "it's a terrible hould I have in the ward. Bedad, Tammany Hall will be putting me up next fall for alderman."

Roger nodded a good-natured assent and the two chatted merrily till the grounds were reached.

It was black with people.

Among the throng Muldoon distinguished a familiar pink parasol, waving wildly at him.

"It's the widdy!" he ejaculated.

He was right.

There was the Widow Halorahan, large as life, all ribbons, flowers, blushes and delight.

"Ain't yez lookin' ilegant?" she cried, as Muldoon approached.

"I always do, ma'am, in the presence av beauty. Ye are appearing as agile as a giraffe," was the polite rejoinder.

"What a foine suit."

"Does it fit me?"

"Like a kid glove. An' are yez going to play baseball?"

"If it lays me out a cowl corpse I am. Do yez intend to view the game, widdy?"

"Yis; moind that yez bate."

"If I do not, it is a barrel av desecrated codfish I will presint yez wid."

"All ready!" yelled Roger, as captain of the "Shamrocks," and so the conversation was broken off, the widow returning to a seat among the spectators, while Muldoon went to join the other players.

Mulcahy was with him.

Mulcahy had braced up for the contest by several visits to a near-by bar.

The result was that he had about enough fight-water inside of his stomach to make him sarcastic, and, as he thought, terrifically funny.

Upon Muldoon's approach he gazed at him with an expression of intense astonishment.

"Who picked off the galvanized mick?" he asked.

"Are yez alluding to me, Misther Mulcahy?" Muldoon queried.

"Bedad, it spakes!" cried Mulcahy, starting back as if in fear.

"Do yez know who I am?" Muldoon bellowed.

"Would yez hear the object axin' questions, boys. Press on it hard, an' I believe it will sing."

"None av yez funny gags, Misther Mulcahy."

"Shall I spit on its head an' dround it?" asked Mulcahy.

Muldoon threw his hat down onto the ground, and he proceeded to roll up his sleeves.

"Ye fresh sucker!" cried he, "I'll knock that funny tongue av yours so far down yez throat that yez will have to fish for it wid a hook and line before yez can get it out again."

"Howld the conundrum fast or it will kill us. Did yez hear it articulating blood-stained vowels?" Mulcahy asked, still keeping up his comedy part.

Just then Muldoon's right fist sailed out.

Mulcahy's nose got within range, and Mulcahy sat down with real surprise upon his face, upon the grass.

"There, ye comic clown, it is no more jocularly ye will be poking at Terence Muldoon," proudly observed the owner of that beautiful and celebrated name.

Mulcahy got up with vengeance in his eyes.

He was about to knock Muldoon apart with a bat, when half a dozen interposed.

"No fighting," they cried, "start the game."

"He hit me," said Mulcahy.

"You deserved it," replied a sturdy butcher.

"I'll get square with him," ruefully said Mulcahy, the humor all taken out of him.

"Get round with him, but no fighting here."

"That's so," chorused a number of those around.

Mulcahy had sense enough to drop the matter for the while. He walked sullenly away.

"What position do you want to play?" Roger asked of Muldoon.

"Divil a bit I care."



"Will you be catcher?"  
 "What do I catch?"  
 "Blazes, generally."  
 "Do yez take me for a salamander?"  
 "No," laughed Roger, "all you've got to do is to lay behind the bat and catch the ball."  
 "Thin bring me a straw mattress."  
 "What for?"

"Do yez anticipate that I will lay on the grass an' catch me death av cowl'd? Sorra a bit—if I've got to lay behind any bat I'll do it wid stoile."

To save his soul Roger could not help laughing. But, as seriously as he could, he took his green uncle aside and explained the matter.

Muldoon readily assented—he was ready to accept the onerous position.

Mulcahy was pitcher.

"Who's beyant the bat?" he asked.

"Muldoon," replied a player.

"Thin he is doomed," grinned Mulcahy, as he slyly picked up a brick; "funeral at eleven to-morrow; friends an' relations axed respectfully. No bouquets."

A dandy-looking negro with a white hat and big feet took his position opposite the home-plate.

"Play!" called he.

"F'what the divil is that blackbird doing here?" Muldoon queried.

"He's umpire," Roger rejoined.

"A naygur umpire! why don't yez get a haythen Chiny, an' be done wid it. Hav'n't yez enough natives widout importing foreigners?"

"That's all right—get ready."

Muldoon took an astonishing position.

"Fire in your fisht balls," he shouted. "I'm here, ye can wager."

The captain of the "Orioles" picked up a bat.

"How'll you hab dem, sah?" said the umpire.

"Waist high."

"Sock it in, Mulcahy," Muldoon shouted, rubbing his hands and stooping low.

Mulcahy, with a grin, delivered something. But it was the brick, not the ball. And it went straight for Muldoon's head.

## CHAPTER XI.

On came the brick.

Muldoon did not notice but that it was the ball.

But the spectators saw the difference.

"Muff it, you gilly!" cried a voice.

Muldoon turned indignantly around.

"What do yez take me for?" he cried. "It is me duty to hould it, an', begorra, hould it I——"

Thud! came the brick against his cheek.

Down he went like a bull.

There was an instantaneous rush for the spot. A crowd surged around him in a second.

"He's dead!" whispered a hushed voice, as a man bent down and felt Muldoon's pulse.

"Yez lie!" responded Muldoon, feebly.

A shout of relief rose up on the air. Nearly all knew the solid old Irishman, and most loved him.

"Send for a doctor," urged one of the "Shamrocks."

"Don't," gasped Muldoon.

"What shall we do, then?"

"Send for a whisky straight, ye baby."

It was procured in a twinkling.

Muldoon drank it and staggered to his feet.

"Will you go home?" asked Roger.

"Go whare?"

"Home."

"Not till everywhere else is shut up, begorra! Go on wid yer ould ball massacre."

"You don't intend to keep on playing?" Roger asked, completely surprised.

"Would an oyster fly if anybody gev it a pair of gaudy wings? course I intend to kape on playing;" and Muldoon got back into his place, and pshawed at the compliments on his gameness which were showered upon him.

Just then a little boy arrived. He was breathless and open-mouthed.

"There's a gal gone off," he announced.

"An' where?" Muldoon asked.

"She's fainted."

"The divil! Burn a feather-bed beneath her nostrils."

"I'll bet six cents to a wooden date that it's the widow," laughed Roger.

That was enough for Muldoon. Off he went like an arrow to the spot indicated by the boy as being the place where the fainting lady was.

Sure enough it was the widow.

She was in a kicking faint.

That is to say, she lay on her back and kicked vigorously, unmindful of the grand display of red petticoat and striped stockings that she afforded the spectators by so doing.

"My Terry is dead!" shrieked she.

"I am not," promptly replied Muldoon.

"He is—he is!" the widow wailed. "I shall never see him again."

"Who ever tould ye so was giving yez taffy, ma'am. Do I look like a dead man?"

But the widow did not recognize his voice.

"Let me kiss his cowl'd hand," entreated she.

"Yez will get mud on yer ruby lips if ye do," said Muldoon. "Will yez plaze arise?"

"Never—I'm going to die here."

Don't, yez will catch cowl'd. Wait till I get yez a sofa to expire on."

Perhaps some of our readers, the ladies especially, will think that Muldoon was awfully hard-hearted.

He wasn't.

But then it bothered him awfully to see the half-suppressed grins with which those near by regarded the widow's emotional act, particularly as he was aware that he was the cause of it.

He stooped down and touched her buxom shoulders.

"Bridget," said he, "it is meself."

"Who're you?"

"Yours ever, Terry Muldoon."

The widow summoned up sufficient strength to open her eyes.

"Muldoon!" yelled she.

"Ivery time," proudly returned our hero.

The widow was on her feet and into his arms in a second. She gave him a resounding kiss.

"Yum—yum!" sang the gang.

Muldoon's brow darkened, but the widow did not care.

She hugged him closer.

"Oh, you darlint ould fool, I'm so glad ye are not dead," she murmured, kissing him again.

"Squeeze him, birdie," sang out that beast of a Roger.

"Tickle him under the chin!"

"Hug him in the ear!"

"Press his tiny foot!"

That was the way the ball players shouted in emulation of Roger.

Muldoon grew red all over.

"Bridget—Bridget, alanna, let go av me," he begged. "Do yez not see that the gang are giving ye the laugh?"

"To the devil wid the gang," affectionately answered the widow, clinging tighter to him; "kiss me again, me darlint."

"Yes, do," put in Roger. "Kiss her once more, for the cigars."

"Roger O'Malley, if I lay me hands on ye I'll crush ye!" Muldoon bawled, thoroughly exasperated.

"Get out, you old lover!" Roger pleasingly remarked. "Walk right up, everybody, and take a free look at the great love scene. Mr. Terence Muldoon will now kiss in twenty-eight different languages. Warranted to make you sick at the shortest opportunity. He will——"

Off went Roger, with Muldoon at his heels.

They raced around the field half a dozen times until Muldoon got winded. He could no more catch Roger than a toad could a giraffe.

"Will ye come over here till I slaughter ye?" begged Muldoon.

"Put it on a postal card and I'll reply by express," laughed Roger.

"Gemmen," called the dusky umpire, "am dis heah game ob ball to continue?"

"Av coorse," readily responded Muldoon.

"Den please fo' to get into youse positions. De oder side am a-kicking 'bout de loss ob time."

Muldoon complied.

He got into his catcher's position for the second time.

But Mulcahy was missing.

He had not expected to hurt Muldoon at all with the brick, and when he beheld the Solid Man drop, he was scared almost to death.

"Whurra—whurra!" he murmured, "I have kilt him, an' if he don't get over it, I'll be hung!"

So he went off, uniform and all, caught a Third avenue car, went down to a cheap Bowery hotel, and immediately went to bed, having a sort of vague idea that by this method he could prove an alibi.



Therefore a new pitcher had to be procured before the game could be continued.

One was found.

In the person of a wiry little Frenchman, named Gaul.

Then the game commenced all over again; the "Orioles" going to the bat.

Two strikers went out on flies.

The next man succeeded in getting two strikes called on him.

"Mr. Muldoon?" said the pitcher.

"Yis, sur!" said Muldoon.

"Take care."

"Av what?"

"The next ball."

"Shure it won't hurt me?"

"Mon Dieu, there eez two already onto him."

"Two—be Heavens—if ye mane horse-flies, there are a dozen."

"Two strikes!" shouted the Frenchman.

"Two strikes—does he? Shure, I thought that there war a sucker at the bat already."

The Frenchman felt like clubbing himself in despair.

"You eez wooden-headed!" he shrieked; "he has hit at ze two balls wizout touching. One more he hit at and strike in ze same place, and you catch it, he was out."

Muldoon looked at the speaker in perfect amazement.

"Are yez talkin' tay-chest language?" he asked.

"Sare?"

"Are yez articulating haythen dialect? What are yez telling me, anyhow?"

The excitable Frenchman stamped his foot with rage.

"Two strikes!" he vociferated—"one, two! It vos—"

"Get an ax an' chop it off close to the handle. If yez will kape what yez are ravin' about in yer head till to-morry, I'll come around an' kick it out for yez," politely remarked Muldoon.

"Let up on the chin-music, an' go on with the game," requested the batsman.

"Somebody put Frinchy in a fly-trap an' we will," answered Muldoon.

"Play!" called the umpire.

The pitcher nursed his wrath, and put in a grounder.

The batsman hit at it.

With no effect.

It passed by him, struck a small projection, bounded, and hit Muldoon flat on the nose.

Muldoon jumped up about ten feet, and then jumped down again.

"Howly Joseph!" he shouted, "me bugle is busted—ring for a hearse!"

Meanwhile, the batsman was putting for first base with all his might.

As customary in every game of ball, one half of the "Shamrocks" began to yell at Muldoon.

"Go for the ball!"

"Sling it to fust!"

"Drop your nose and pick up the ball!"

"He'll be home before you know it!"

"Baseball be dommed!" Muldoon answered; "me nose is pulverized. Will some av yez send for a peck av arnica an' a bottle av court-plaster?"

"Won't somebody galvanize that old mick?" growled the first base, in despair, as the batsman glided swiftly by him.

"Send Stanley after the ball!" yelled the short-stop. "That Irish idol up there don't know his head from his elbow."

By this time Muldoon's nose had got a little better.

He awoke to the fact that he was engaged in a game of ball, and that it was his duty to act.

Running after the ball, he grabbed it.

Of course every player, including all of the fielders, held up their hands, and shouted:

"Put it in to me!"

Muldoon endeavored to please them all. He slung the ball with all his might.

Probably it would have gone to Africa but for a little obstruction.

Short-stop got into the way.

Short-stop was a fat, pudgy little fellow with red cheeks.

So it happened that when the ball struck him in the pit of the stomach, it sounded as if a balloon had collapsed.

He sat right down.

He suddenly lost all interest in the game.

He didn't care a speck of whitewash who beat. A whole circus procession with sixteen band-wagons and an unchained lion would not have interested him a bit just then.

But the second base collared the ball and slung it home.

Muldoon was there.

By some fearful miracle Muldoon held the red-dead tight.

Everybody was paralyzed with astonishment.

Muldoon was, too.

He could not have been more surprised if he had gone fishing in a teacup and caught an elephant.

He felt like putting his picture up on the wall and burning incense to it.

"Begorra, I did it!" said he, in exultation—"I held it as fast as if it were made out av glue. One divil out—is it? Let me do the ball playing for the gang an' we'll bate the world!"

The boys recovering a little from their surprise, Muldoon was warmly congratulated.

He actually blushed with delight.

"Put up another victim," requested he; "he'll be a marked man."

"Striker up," called out the umpire.

In response a long-legged, lanky chap took his stand upon the plate.

He was a bat-slinger.

One of those fellows whose whole ambition seems to be after they have struck, to throw their bat fiercely behind them and cripple somebody for life.

He knocked a fly.

And starting to run, he flung his stick away with all the muscle of his arms.

As usual it hit Muldoon.

If Muldoon had been standing on a mountain in Central Asia, that bat would have undoubtedly borrowed a pair of wings and flown to him. It was his luck.

Muldoon sat down for the second time that afternoon, without paying the slightest regard to the fact that there was not a luxurious sofa beneath him.

"I'm dead, now, shure," groaned he; "all of me membranes are fatally injured, and me throat is broke completely. Good-by, b'ys."

Roger O'Malley came running up. He had caught the fly, and having thus performed his duty came to inquire into his uncle's prostrate condition.

"Did it hurt you?" asked he.

Muldoon gracefully extended himself upon his back on the grass and favored his nephew with a look of reproach.

"If somebody would drop a hotel on to yez, Roger, would yez want to be axed if it hurt yez?" he queried.

"No," laughingly returned his nephew.

"Thin don't indulge in sarcasm, Roger; I am dying."

"Go way!"

"I am. Will yez see that me coffin has a gould cross an' rale silver nails on it?"

"Yes."

"Will yez plant a cabbage at the head av me grave, and wather it at intervals to kape it grane?"

"Of course."

"Thin I expire contentedly."

But he didn't. Some gentleman from way across the bases asked, at the top of his voice, if the "Shamrocks" could not put up a brass man for a catcher and sell the one on the ground by shares.

That was enough to resurrect Muldoon.

"Faix, the spalpeens can't aven allow me to die in peace," said he, getting up on his feet. "Arrah, baseball is an' elegant game for a statue to play at. I'm all broke up!"

"Never mind," advised Roger; "brace right up and go at it again. Remember your girl is gazing at you."

Muldoon allowed himself to be persuaded, and the wonderful game began all over again.

The next striker had plainly been born next door to a chicken house.

The way in which he knocked fouls plainly showed so.

Muldoon did not care to catch them. He was too polite. When a foul came along he considerably got out of its way.

His side naturally began to kick at this.

"Get a fly-net and hold them if you're afraid of your pretty fingers," counseled center-field.

"He's too much of a daisy to play ball. He's afraid that he might knock the paint off his red cheek!" sang out third base.

Muldoon was nettled at these base insinuations.

He resolved to show the scoffers that he was not afraid of a foul and could catch one.

He chewed at a bit of grass in the most professional manner, rubbed his hands in dirt and stooped down.

"Let it come," he said, "on wid yer fouls. Begorra! if it is a whole goose I'll catch it."

Through the air came the ball.

The batter as usual hit with force enough to overthrow a brick house, and succeeded only in scoring a foul.

Now was Muldoon's chance.

The ball was above his head.

He jumped at it.



But miscalculated the distance most successfully.

It slipped through his paws, and with a victorious thud, landed on to his mouth.

Down went the ball and Muldoon staggered back.

He clasped his hand to his mouth.

Two front teeth were gone.

"Howly Vargin!" cried he, "I am lamed for life. It is a gum-chewer that I will be hereafter. Two av me teeth are gone."

"Bettah offer a reward fo' dem, sah," grinned the sable umpire.

Muldoon turned fiercely upon him.

"Ye son av a blacking-box, who axed yez for any av yer guff?" asked he. "Just button up yer lip or I'll come over and walk on it. Mother av Moses! I'm spitting blood!"

The umpire shut right up.

"Fo' de Laud, dat man am dangerous. He hab a bad talk!" he privately declared to the scorer.

The usual procession advanced to see what ailed Muldoon. He told them.

"It is a pie-eater I will be to the ind av me days!" he groaned; "how am I to masticate corn-beef an' cabbage wid no front teeth? Shure, I'll be feeding meself wid sponge-cake on a spoon shortly."

Maybe the boys were hard-hearted, for they all laughed.

Muldoon looked at them with visible reproach.

"Ye suckers would laugh to see your parents burnt at the wheel," said he. "If I was a judge I'd find the lot av yez to making shoes for six months."

"Time's up, sah," very respectfully uttered the umpire.

"How long is he up for?" sarcastically asked Muldoon.

"Time fo' de game to begin, sah."

"Well, begin it—yez have me verbal permission," and Muldoon took his station.

The batter went to private life on a fair foul.

Muldoon's side went to the bat. Roger was first man up.

He placed a safe one over second base's head, between center and right field, and gained his first easily enough.

Muldoon was the next victim.

He selected a bat that weighed about a ton and looked like a small tree.

"Somebody tie the sky fast," he said, trying his bat.

"What for?" somebody inquired.

"I'll knock it loose. Wait till ye perceive me welt the ball. I'll knock it clane to Dublin Bay."

He took his position, and straddled the plate like a pocket Colossus.

"How'll ye have it?" asked the opposition pitcher.

"Knee high, ye daisy!"

The crowd which was assembled around took a great interest in Muldoon's position.

"Put your right foot first," said one.

"Don't—put your left foot first," contradicted a second.

"Be aisy," authoritatively ordered he; "if yez are not quiet I'll put both av me fate together an' stand on me head."

The pitcher put an extra jerk of the wrist into the ball, for Muldoon's especial consideration.

Muldoon made a desperate whack at it.

He caught it on the end of his bat and lifted it high up in the air.

"Go!" yelled a score of voices.

Muldoon did go.

He slung his bat, knocking the scorer stiff and put for first base.

"Make a home run!" shouted Roger.

Muldoon dug in for dear life.

Meanwhile the ball, a fair foul, had been nabbed on the fly.

"Out!" announced the umpire.

"Come in!" called Roger, to his uncle.

Muldoon did not see it.

"To the devil wid ye," he responded, "it is a home run I'm making now."

"But you're out."

"What's that got to do wid it? Ye're too recent, Roger," and he swept past second like a fast mail train.

By this time every one was on the broad grin.

They yelled and hooted at the flying Irishman.

"Go it, you tarrier."

"Beat O'Leary's time."

"Run around twice."

"Throw out your chest."

"Put on more style."

"Sling your legs quicker."

That was the style in which they egged on poor Muldoon to nearly break a lung running.

At last he put his foot on the home-base in triumph.

"Score six for Muldoon," he ordered.

"You are out, sah!" glibly rattled the umpire.

"What?" shouted Muldoon, in perfect consternation.

"Out, sah."

"Be Heavens! ye are a black prevaricator—I made a home-run, ye mummy."

"But de gemman at this base caught you out on a fair foul."

"Didn't I run all av the bases?"

"Yes, sah."

"Thin put me down for a run, or I'll massacre the whole gang of yez!"

The dusky umpire hardly knew what to do.

"Please to stan' back, sah," said he, "youse am out."

Muldoon energetically rolled up his sleeves.

"Howly Heavens!" declared he, "what would me ould ancestors say, to luk down and see Terence Muldoon called a dirty liar by a nayger?"

"No interfering with the umpire," ordered the pitcher of the "Orioles."

Muldoon courteously requested him to go to a place where overcoats are unknown, and flannels are a rarity.

The pitcher amiably asked for an explanation by walking up to Muldoon, shaking his fist in that gentleman's face, and asking him if he smelled it.

Muldoon replied that he did.

He said that it was the worst he had ever smelled.

Somehow, immediately afterward, the pitcher went to reach out after something, and his hand came in contact with Muldoon's nose, and Muldoon's foot made a call upon the pitcher's stomach.

Six minutes of this sport sufficed to give Muldoon a bellyful. He begged for mercy, and got up the worst looking old wreck of a ball player that ever we saw.

"Are you going to finish the game?" asked Roger.

"Never. It is to play wid a powder keg or a buzz saw that I am going now," he replied. "It is a dale safer than playing ball."

"Ain't you had fun?"

"Fun! Roger, ye are poking fun at me. Would yez ax a corpse on his way to the cemetery whether he wasn't enjoying his ride?"

Between two stalwart players Muldoon was led off the field.

"Begorra," he groaned, "I'm all broke up!"

Se he was.

It was a good two weeks before he recovered from his great baseball racket.

## CHAPTER XII.

The baseball racket described in our last chapter kept Muldoon in bed for nearly three weeks. He had got all he wanted of baseball, and a hatful over.

The next scrape that he got into was a comical one.

Near by him lived a retired physician, Dr. Campbell, who used quite frequently to call upon the Solid Man.

One night Muldoon remarked that he believed that he was growing old.

"Why, docthur, dear," said he, "me bones ache wid the least exertion, an' I have a pain at frayquent intervals in me tonsils."

"Pshaw!" said the doctor, "you need exercise."

"Exercise, is it?"

"Yes."

"Begorra, I got all av the ixercise I wanted playing baseball, an' it did me no good. Shure, it nearly kilt me."

"You want mild exercise."

"Slaping, for instance?"

"Nonsense; try rowing."

"I did wanst. Bedad, they collected the boat together wid a hay-rake an' fished me out wid a rope."

"Horseback riding?"

"A swate-looking daisy I'd make on horseback, wouldn't I?" said Muldoon, as he lit his pipe and dropped the argument.

But nevertheless he bore the doctor's advice in his head.

Next morning he spoke to Roger about it.

"Do yez know where I can hire a nice, daycent, mild saddle-horse?" asked he.

"What did you want him for?" queried Roger.

"To scratch matches on, ye fool. What do yez suppose I want him for? To ride, av coorse."

Roger immediately sat down upon a table, and took a good look at his uncle.

"You ain't going a horseback riding, are you?" said he; "for Heaven's sake, don't!"

"Why not?" Muldoon blustered.



"I don't want the shebang mussed up by a funeral. Wait till winter before you go a-riding; then you can get a mahogany coffin with hot and cold water, and a place to hang your hat inside, all for ten dollars."

"Do yez mane to insinuate that I am no equestrian?" haughtily asked Muldoon.

"Oh, no. But if I was you I would go down to the carpenter's and get my horse."

"What kind of a horse does the carpenter kape?"

"A saw-horse, and he'll glue you on, too."

"Roger," impressively said Muldoon, "ye are too brand new—ye are too modern. Go right down to the delivery stable and order me a blooded bay for four this P. M."

"All right," replied Roger, and off he went.

The man who kept the livery stable was a friend of Roger's. He was a fat, jolly, round-bellied chap named Haynes.

"Ah, Roger, my boy," he cheerfully sang out, as Roger came into the office, "what do you want to-day?"

"Horse," laconically answered Roger.

"Going to take your girl out on the road?"

"No—uncle wants one."

"What for?"

"To ride."

Mr. Haynes leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Next thing we know that pleasing relative of yours will be going up in a balloon after a pocketful of stars," he chuckled. "Can he ride?"

"Like a hen. Give him the worst old nag you've got."

Mr. Haynes chuckled again.

"I guess I can suit him," said he; "I just bought a new saddle-horse to-day. Come around to the stable and look at him."

Roger followed his friend.

Mr. Haynes led the way to the stables and stopped before a stall.

In it was a horse.

It was a pretty-looking horse.

A horse that had the general appearance of a skeleton umbrella, and the plumpness of a hair-pin.

Its diet for the first ten years of its life had evidently been barrel staves and sand.

After that it had banqueted on rocks and more rocks. It was about six hundred and eight years old now.

It had no tail, was short of one ear, had corns on its nose, was lame in three legs, and walked gimp with the other. In fact, it was a very hospital of a horse.

"Is that a horse or a bone pile?" asked Roger, upon seeing this magnificent quadruped.

"It's a horse," chuckled Mr. Haynes, who always said everything, including his prayers, with a chuckle.

"Why don't you mark it red?"

"What for?"

"So that folks won't step through it before they see it."

"That's the boss trotter, Roger; I bought him for five dollars and an old hat. How do you think he'll suit your uncle?"

"Tip-top; no fear of him running away?"

"Bless us, no. If he ever got on a run it would surprise him so that he'd die of fright."

"Won't he kick?"

"He can't even spit. What time shall I send him up to the house?"

"Four o'clock. Fix him up as nice as possible, please."

Mr. Haynes promised he would make that high-priced Arabian stallion an object of envy and admiration.

Then Roger went home.

And entertained Muldoon with magnificent fairy tales about the rapid running and gaily-bedecked animal that he had secured for him.

Muldoon swallowed it all and was all anxiety for four o'clock to arrive.

At last it did.

So did the horse.

He arrived in style.

Four stable-men pulled him along with a rope, two more pushed on behind, and a select concourse of small boys marched on the sidewalk and applauded.

Muldoon took a peep at the equine wonder from his room window.

"Be Heavens, Roger O'Malley," said he, "ye have made a mistake."

"How?" queried Roger.

"It is not a horse ye have got me, it is a giraffe."

"That's a trotter, uncle."

"I am glad ye tould me; I would have tuk it for a hat-stand, if ye hadn't. Roger, ye are not giving me taffy on a nail?"

Roger solemnly assured him that he was not, and respectfully invited Muldoon to go down and mount the ghost.

"But he's so thin that I'll break him apart if I get on his back," Muldoon objected.

"Stuff—try him and see."

Muldoon descended to the street. Everybody for blocks around seemed to be there.

He was saluted cheerfully.

"Why don't you kick that hen-coop away from your house, Muldoon?" asked the butcher across the way, referring to the horse.

"Get an ax, and break up the barrel," requested the policeman, stopping to enjoy the fun.

"Tain't a barrel, it's a towel-rack. Somebody chucked it out of a window," corrected the postman.

But Muldoon paid no heed to their envious remarks.

He put one of his barn-door feet into the stirrup.

"Will yez give me a lift?" he requested.

There was an instantaneous rush of about six dozen men and boys to obey.

They were too zealous.

He went up one side of that horse like a rocket and came down on the other like a falling chimney.

"You dropped something," yelled a small match peddler.

Muldoon made no reply.

He simply got up, brushed the dirt off of himself, and went for that small match peddler.

He hit that match peddler in the stomach, and kicked him in the lung; he slugged him in the jaw with a cobble-stone, and set fire to his hair with his own matches.

After which Muldoon felt just a little better, and started to remount his steed.

This time the attempt was not a brilliant failure.

Once mounted, the bystanders began to give him advice.

"Want to hold a tight rein on him, boss," advised a stableman; "if he ever gets away from you he'll tear up the whole street."

"He'd just as lief knock down a church as not," put in stableman number two.

"If he gets going there is no telling where he will stop," gravely said the butcher.

"Oughter send a boy with a bell in front of you to warn folks out of the way," the policeman suggested.

"A lame boy with a dumbbell will do," grinned Roger.

"Be aisy wid yer jocularity," replied Muldoon; "it is meself that is the horseman for yez. Get up, ould b'y!"

Maybe you think that horse reared on its hind legs, plunged madly forward, and sped away like an arrow, dashing people right and left.

He didn't.

He stood as still and as unconcerned as if Muldoon had addressed the "get-up" remark to a cock-sparrow on the telegraph wire.

"Get up!" bawled Muldoon again.

The horse gently moved one front foot, and put it down again.

"Will ye go, ye devil!" shouted his rider.

The horse gently coughed and went to work spelling an ice-cream sign two blocks off. Perhaps he was a foreign horse and did not understand Irish.

"Roger," Muldoon yelled, "why didn't yez procure me a brass mule or a zinc jackass? It is a stuffed horse that I am on."

"Lick him," counseled Roger.

Muldoon did.

He lathered the nag till his arms were sore.

At last the Hambletonian condescended to start.

On a walk.

A walk compared to which the progress of a hearse was a giddy gallop.

Muldoon set his teeth tightly together.

His Irish grit was up.

"Begorra," he muttered, "I'll ride from here to Widdy Halorahan's if I die av starvation on the way!"

The Widow Halorahan lived about ten blocks off.

Muldoon guided his horse toward her domicile.

Most all of Harlem accompanied him on his journey. Anybody would have supposed that he was a circus elephant or a performing bear to see the gang around him.

As usual, they were sociable in their conversation.

"What is Muldoon riding on?" asked a gentleman, stopping to laugh at the queer and comical combination of man and horse.

The crowd answered:

"It's an ostrich!"

"It's a gun-barrel on stilts!"

"It's a winged whale!"

"It's a conundrum!"

"It's a devil-fish!"



These truthful retorts annoyed Muldoon.

He determined to make that horse go or perish in the attempt.

In his pistol-pocket was a pistol—a regular Irish pistol, which shot everything that it wasn't shot at.

Muldoon drew it forth and cocked it. It most took his thumb off, but he didn't care.

At sight of the pistol the crowd scattered respectfully.

"He's got a gun!" yelled Roger. "Cheese it!"

The crowd did "cheese it," and Muldoon had the whole street to himself.

He deliberately fired his pistol over the horse's head.

The effect was grand.

Off went that antique trotter, that shadowy courser, at a rapid rate.

Muldoon went up and down in his saddle like a cork on a billow.

"Howly Vargin!" gasped he, as he bumped down on the saddle, "will yez buy me a sponge to sit on? Whoa, Emma!"

But the horse was bound to go now. Muldoon pulled on the reins as if he was hoisting a safe.

The horse seemed to have a brass mouth and a copper-bottomed jaw.

All Muldoon's entreaties and efforts were of no avail. On tore the gallant steed at a pace which fairly paralyzed the spectators.

"Ye baste av a divil!" howled Muldoon, "will yez stop? Be aisy, that's a good horse. Stop right where ye are an' I'll buy yez a bowlful av hay an' a schooner av oats."

Maybe the horse was deaf. Anyhow he paid not a cent's worth of attention to Muldoon's words.

Probably that beast would have never stopped till now if it had not been for a lamp-post.

He had a delusive idea that he could jump over it—Muldoon and all.

He tried it.

The lamp-post persistently refused to stoop down, and the attempt was a failure.

Smash went the horse on its side on the pavement, and Muldoon rolled over in the gutter.

Several men who had seen the accident helped him up.

"Are you hurt?" asked one.

"Yis; me coat is lacerated into fragments," sorrowfully replied he, "an' yez should see me pants. Shure there's a path tore out in each leg. Will yez get a fork and pick up that dommed horse?"

One of the men bent down over the horse.

"You can't pick it up," said he.

"Then get a straw and suck nim together."

"Can't, old man!"

"Why?"

"The horse is dead!"

"Send him to the morgue!" gasped Muldoon, with a cry of horror and surprise. When the man turned around to reply our hero was gone.

That night Roger watched and waited till dusk for his uncle. No Muldoon came.

The boy began to get worried.

Ten o'clock came, and no sign of Muldoon.

Roger felt really alarmed.

"Hanged if I thought I cared so much for the old terrier," said he; "if anything has happened to him I'll never forgive myself. I guess I'll go out an' see if anybody has seen him, or——"

"Whist, Roger!" said a voice.

Roger started up.

"Who is it?" called he.

"Yer uncle."

"Muldoon?"

"Begorra, I think so."

"Where are you?"

In reply a figure crept softly out from the shrubbery in front of the house—it was Muldoon.

"Let me in for the love av Heaven!" he pleaded; "there are seven detectives an' a police boat on me track."

"What have you done?" Roger queried, in surprise.

"Kilt that comedy horse. It is arrested I'll be for highway murder. Let me in. Faix, I've been hiding in a barrel for the last three hours, till it got dark enough to come home unperceived."

Once inside he told Roger the whole particulars.

Of course Roger could not resist the temptation of a quiet guy.

He told Muldoon that Mr. Haynes had loved the dead horse like a brother, that he kept it in a silver-plated stable, and had its picture hung up over his bed.

Muldoon took it all in and it was with difficulty that Roger persuaded him to go around to Mr. Haynes' and see about it.

But when the last gentleman laughingly consented to settle the matter for six dollars, Muldoon's surprise and relief were really comical.

"Roger," said he, as they left the stable, "Amerikay is a great place. Shure, wid economy, I can kill a horse ivery week, an' not fale the money."

No persuasion, though, could induce Muldoon to take another horseback ride for a long time thereafter.

After that he lived on much as he had lived before, enjoying life on the whole, but now and then teased and tormented by that incorrigible nephew of his, who could no more help putting up jobs on his uncle than he could stop breathing and preserve his health.

And yet Muldoon thought the world of the boy, even though he knew the young fellow was continually making a guy of him.

"I'll kill that bye, be Heavens, wan av these days," he would often remark, "whin he do be up to his didoes, and thin I suppose I'll be sorry, for I hav as much regard for him as if he war me own natheral born son. Anyhow, there's wan thing that convinces me that perhaps afther all he's safe, yis, two things, faix."

"And what are they?" his listeners would ask.

"Wan is that Owld Nick do always luk afther his own, and so the bye is in no way av takin' harrum whin I do be meditatatin' rayvingeful designs on um."

"Yes, and the other?"

"The other? Well, faix, it's the other that has persarved meself and previnted me many a time from takin' a free and enforced ride as the chief ornyment av a funeral purcission, or been laid out on a slab in the morgue for the binift av the public, and it's the same thing that'll purtict that bye Roger, av anything will."

"Yes, but what's it; why is he safe?"

"Bekase the fairies are good to the Irish, be Heavens," said Muldoon.

Whether for those reasons or for others, certain it is that at last accounts Roger was alive, sound in mind and limb, as jolly as ever, as full of fun as a tramp's coat is full of holes, and ready and willing to play jokes upon his uncle; and here we will leave them both, promising that if ever anything occurs which is worth repeating, we will then resume the story of MULDOON, THE SOLID MAN.

THE END.

Read the next number (14) of "Snaps," entitled "THE TROUBLES OF TERENCE MULDOON," by Tom Teaser.



# THREE CHUMS

Ben Bright. Dorothy Dare. Tom True.

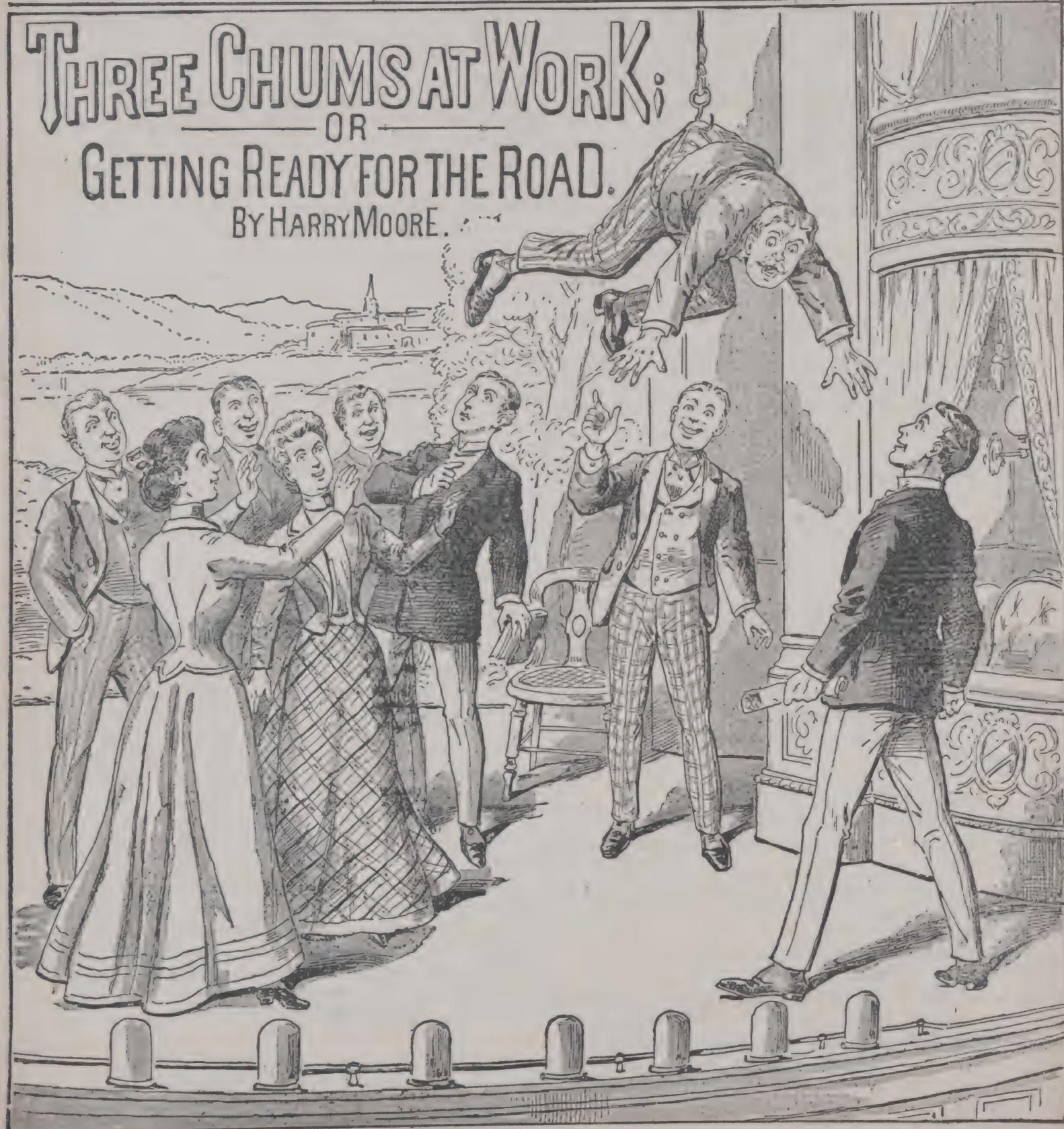
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Patsy gave a signal, and the scene shifter in the loft hove away at the windlass, and hoisted Ogleshorpe, kicking and struggling, five feet into the air. "Shure, an' thot's phwat yez git fur thryin' to make mashes on dhe gurrils insthid av attindin' to dhe sp'akin' av your pieces, begorra!" muttered Patsy in huge delight.



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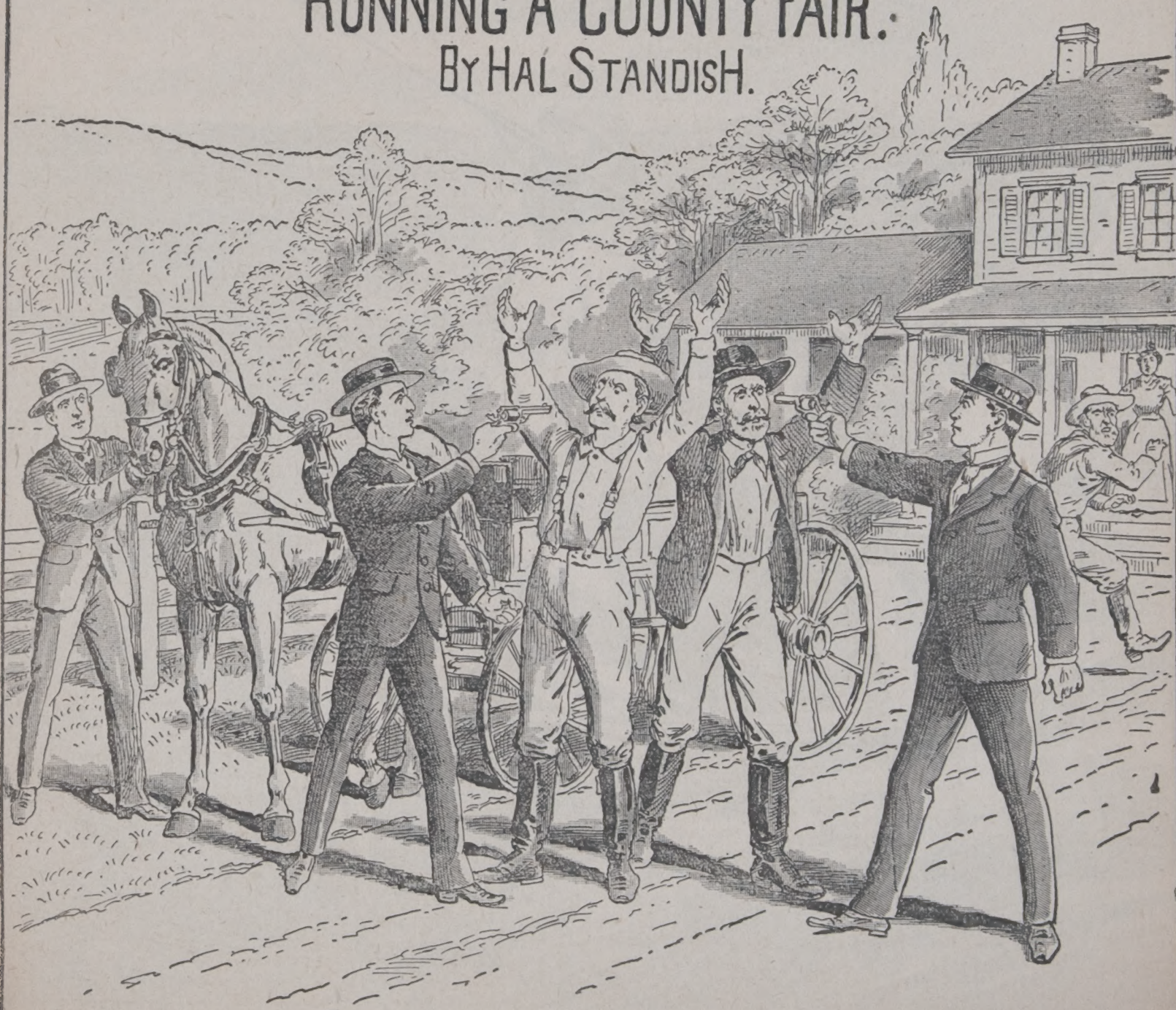
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### FRED FEARNOT'S BIG CONTRACT; OR RUNNING A COUNTY FAIR. BY HAL STANDISH.



"Hands up!" exclaimed Fred. "Hands up!" echoed Terry. Both of the men raised their hands above their heads without uttering a word. "Keep them there!" ordered Fred. "If you lower them just an inch you invite a bullet through your head."



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## WILL, THE WHALER.

BY CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON.



"Consarn my tarry top-lights!" at length he exclaimed, grinding his teeth. "I'll put an iron into you, though you were Beelzebub himself!" And therefore Old Ludlow darted the harpoon with all his might.



### THE STAGE.

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